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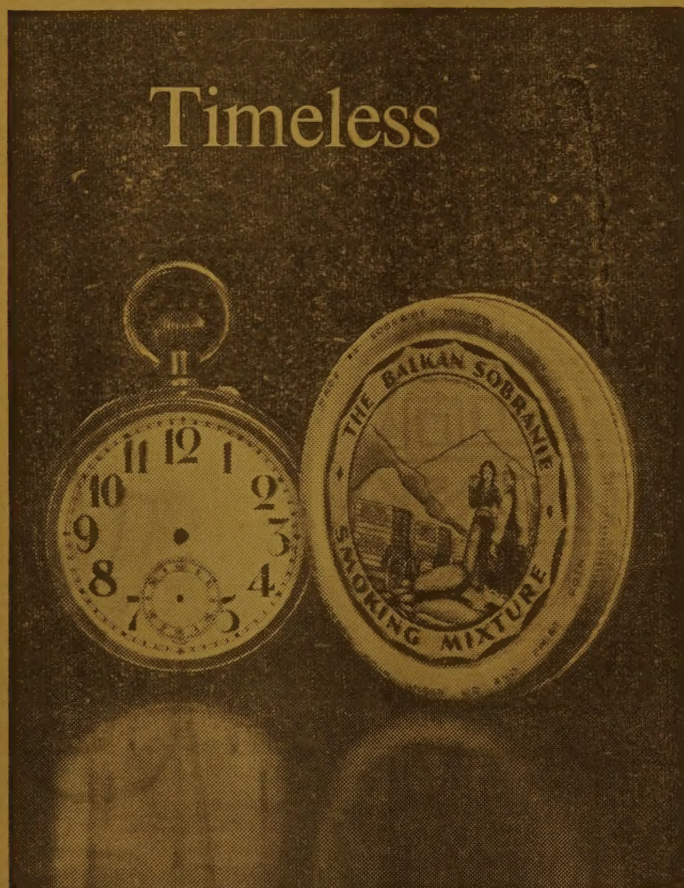
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The Listener

Vol. LXVII. No. 1711

Thursday January 11 1962

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Is World Government Possible?

By the Rt. Hon. KENNETH YOUNGER

Mr. Younger is Director-General of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and author of 'The Public Service in New States'

THE expression 'world government' until recently stood for little more than a political dream, but nowadays it is often on the lips of statesmen and diplomatic experts. This is one consequence of the hydrogen-bomb and the guided missile, which have created the conviction that the old weapons of diplomacy have become outdated and ineffective. An entirely new framework has to be devised, one which, in particular, will end the clash of rival national sovereignties. It is to world government that such thoughts naturally lead.

Something of this feeling, that the old way was bankrupt, gave birth to the League of Nations, and when it proved inadequate the reaction was to try to create a new model, which would avoid the weaknesses of its predecessor. There is little doubt that if the United Nations in its turn were to collapse before some challenge, a new international alternative would quickly be created on the ruins; for, as was pointed out earlier in this series, international organizations 'express a central fact of modern life—that nations cannot live for themselves alone'.

Since 1945, the United Nations has achieved much in substituting international co-operation for national rivalry in economic and social matters and even occasionally in keeping the peace. Nevertheless, the world is uneasily aware that the United Nations has not yet acquired the sort of magisterial authority needed to deal with the danger of war between the Great Powers, which still continue to operate largely outside its framework.

The story of the United Nations in the Congo is evidence that the organization can act effectively when its leading members decide to let it do so and give it the means; but when they fall out its success is at once in jeopardy. It is obvious from this alone that the United Nations is not a world government. It is more like a concert of Great Powers—though markedly influenced nowadays by the opinion of numerous smaller states, who have found in the United Nations a new means of self-assertion. Since the Great Powers are afraid of major war they are often willing to see an international organization keep the peace outside their own area of direct control. But inside the area which a substantial power regards as its own backyard, the writ of the United Nations does not run—as is shown by Hungary, south-west Africa or, some would say, Guatemala.

No one saw this inherent limitation more clearly than Mr. Hammarskjöld, for whom the United Nations was not even a world government in embryo but, at most, a forerunner. This forerunner might, he thought, if skilfully directed, make itself so useful so often that governments would gradually become accustomed to entrusting some of their interests to international judgment, and a system might be slowly built up if not of international law at least of international custom with some real political sanction standing behind it.

Between a body so conceived, obliged at every step to secure the agreement of many independent powers, and a true world government, a great gulf clearly lies. The hope is that beyond the gulf there might be another kind of institution, furnished with organs of action as well as debate, capable of taking collec-

tive decisions binding upon great and small alike, and enforcing them with the aid of modern techniques and technology.

How can one imagine a body of this kind coming into existence? The most obvious way would be for one power or group of powers to obtain decisive mastery over all others and to impose the sort of peace which Rome once maintained throughout the whole world known to it at that time. Today it is not easy to see how this could happen without major war; and since world government is needed above all to prevent major war, this method is not one which sensible men can readily contemplate. There could, of course, be agreement among a few of the greatest powers to police the world. But this would amount to little more than a division of the world into spheres of influence, with world peace still precariously dependent upon continued harmony among essentially independent Great Powers. To constitute a world government, the agreement would have to extend further to the creation of a powerful supranational body, able to speak with real authority to the Great Powers themselves. Great states would find it difficult to surrender real power to such a body unless they were broadly agreed on the objectives of policy it should pursue and on the sort of world society they wanted to create. At present it is all too clear that no such agreement could be reached.

Not long ago I took part in discussion of these questions among representatives from many parts of the world. When a communist was asked in what circumstances he thought it might become possible to dispense with the veto and begin to accept majority decisions, for instance in the control of disarmament, he replied: 'I can give you the answer but you won't like it. It is when we are all communist'. This was an honest answer, and it is equally true that non-communists would not willingly surrender power to a world authority unless they were sure that it would be what they call 'democratic', which is very different from what the communists mean by the same word.

An 'International Gendarme'

Mr. Khrushchev has recently said that while communists are opposed to the export of revolution, they are also opposed to the export of counter-revolution and do not recognize the right of anyone to act as an 'international gendarme', that is to say the right to intervene in order to put down rebellion. Although only the communists have formulated their position clearly on this, it is surely true for all of us that we could not accept an international authority which simply enforced the *status quo* and, in case of trouble, always supported existing authority. None of us would willingly live under a world government which was simply an 'international gendarme', setting its face against every effort to alter established legal or political rights. On the other hand, if a world government had power to change our personal or national rights by legislation, we would want some assurance that it was imbued with democratic principles broadly in tune with our own.

So it looks as though any real advance towards world government depends on creating a good deal more common ground in the political thinking of the major powers than exists today, enough at least to induce them to entrust some part of their fate to a common authority. There is already some common ground between the Soviet Union and the United States, in their determination to avoid a nuclear war. For this reason some people think it just possible that these two could agree to inspect and control everybody else's nuclear arms and prevent their spread to new powers. Meanwhile, as a safeguard against each other, they would simply rely on the existing balance of terror.

Such an arrangement bristles with difficulties and, even if it could be agreed, it would be nothing like world government; but it might be a first step towards bringing the Great Powers to see that, in their own interests, they must accept joint responsibility for the safety of mankind. There would still remain the far harder task of reconciling the ideas and interests of different parts of the world. Living standards would have to be brought closer together. Common concepts of law and human rights would have to be developed. This sort of thing isn't done in a day. Even among Western European countries there is difficulty in achieving a common viewpoint, although they share a roughly

similar standard of living and much common culture. How much harder then to get a common viewpoint between, say, Communist China and the United States; or between rich industrialized Europe and poor agricultural Asia. The huge gulf which separates the experience and aspirations of different groups of human beings in different parts of the world must be at least partly bridged before a single world government can hope to offer an acceptable way of life to all of them, and to command their freely given allegiance.

Blueprints with No Reality

Because of this I confess to becoming irritated with people who talk as though world government could be created by some clever lawyer writing a constitution, setting out an ideal code of law and declaring who is going to enforce it. Such blueprints may perhaps be useful one day, but at present they have no reality and only divert attention from the long hard effort that has first to be made to force all of us to recognize our responsibility to our fellow human beings, however far away they may live, however unfamiliar their culture, however different their needs from our own.

No doubt the lead in all these matters has to be given in the first place by governments. They can pave the way for international authority by promoting the widest possible use of international machinery, by accepting the jurisdiction of the International Court, by sharing the expense of maintaining an international peace force or by contributing forces themselves, and in many other ways. But behind the governments are their peoples living in their traditional social and religious communities and under traditional political institutions. Somehow the peoples must be brought to see themselves in a new perspective as part of a world community. If this is not done, then any governmental institutions that may be set up on a world-wide basis are bound to be largely undemocratic and to lack an adequate basis of consent by the governed. But if the richer peoples can be persuaded to accept an obligation to the poorer; if the newly independent states can succeed in transcending narrow tribal or national loyalties; if the tradition of political tolerance, so rare today, can be more widely extended, then the creation of a real world authority may begin to be in sight.

This great educational task must not be left to governments alone. It concerns every individual citizen, especially those who bring up or teach the young, or convey ideas through press, radio, and television or exhort electors to political action. It is something to which writers, scientists, and lawyers, business men, and international sportsmen all have a contribution to make. The United Nations Charter proclaimed that 'We the peoples'—not the governments—are resolved to combine our efforts. . . . This is still, alas, an aspiration only, despite the undoubted popular longing for peace and the slowly growing understanding that all sections of the human race are fast becoming interdependent. In this field I believe much more groundwork has to be done before we can expect to see the institutions of world government beginning to grow.

The Only Course?

I therefore commend to you some words written by Mr. Hammarström only a year or so before his death:

I think it is wise to avoid talking of this or that kind of ultimate political target and to realize that the development is still in an early stage of institutional evolution, although a few vanguard penetrations into the constitutional area have taken place.

What seems imperative is to push forward institutionally and, eventually, constitutionally all along the line, guided by current needs and experience, without preconceived ideas of the ultimate form.

I believe that Mr. Hammarström has charted not only the best but, indeed, the only course which can steer us through the dangerous years ahead to the goal of a more secure international order.

This is the last of six talks on 'The Search for World Order', broadcast in the B.B.C.'s General Overseas Service. Previous talks appeared in THE LISTENER of December 7, 14, 21, 28, and January 4

Social Change in England 1901-1951

The Social Revolution of Our Time

By PETER LASLETT

HAS there been a social revolution in twentieth-century England? We all know that there has been no upset of the constitutional order, no seizure of power by a totalitarian party. Can it be said, nevertheless, that society has been totally changed: changed, that is to say, on a scale we can observe in countries where violent revolution has occurred, in Russia or China, or in Yugoslavia?

Between the years 1940 and about 1947, I believe there was a critical event in English social development. The change in what I shall call the *shape* of society, a change which had been going on for generations, suddenly crystallized itself. The social height, so to speak, was markedly reduced. From being a pyramid, lofty and slender, society began to look something more like a pear, a pear tending to become an apple. Because it had an altered shape, people began to think about English society differently. Englishmen, perhaps even more Englishwomen, ceased to look upwards as much as they had always done—in short outward-looking began to replace upward-looking.

But I shall not claim that the occurrences of the early nineteen-forties in England should be called a social revolution. The society described, for instance, by Djilas in Yugoslavia obviously differs from Yugoslavia in 1939 more than our England differs from the England of Neville Chamberlain, even of Lloyd



A family group taken in 1900

George. The fact that productive capacity has for the most part stayed in private hands clearly distinguishes the nature of the social change in the two countries. Of course, as I said in a previous talk*, the change in Yugoslavia and in the other countries has been a change towards greater industrialization, a very rapid advance indeed towards a society dominated by the factory and the office, and this change has not been possible in English society, which has been highly industrialized all the time. Still the system of social status in our country has been hardly touched, while in the Communist countries it has been completely transformed. If the height of the social ladder in England is now much less, the number of rungs is much the same.

There is another reason why the expression 'revolution' is inappropriate. It has irrelevant associations with conflict and catastrophe. It is a fact, for example, that in 1898 no fewer than 13,000 people in England and Wales died of the measles; there are many people who can remember the terror which these infectious diseases caused, especially among families with children. By 1948 this number had dropped to about 300, and the other infectious diseases show the same amazing decrease in their incidence and their power to kill. Deaths from diphtheria dropped from 7,500 to 150 over the same period, and deaths from scarlet fever dropped a hundredfold in the same time. Changes like this can only be counted as marking a deliberate transformation consciously contrived. It is tempting to call this a revolution, yet this merely makes us think of it in terms of conflict, violence, a turning point and final victory, almost physical victory. This is a nuisance: the word 'revolution' itself is rather a nuisance.

There was, nevertheless, a critical point in these medical advances, a point when mortality really began to go down sharply. This point also came in the early nineteen-forties, or somewhere near that time, for it was in 1937 that the effect of the sulphonamide drugs first began to be felt, and in 1945 that penicillin went into general action. But the experts count the new drugs as only one among a whole list of other changes, much more general—



Inoculating a child at an L.C.C. clinic

long-term changes such as better sanitation, better housing, cleaner bodies, and so on. All these tendencies combined then to produce this triumphant result, at this time, and in our country, though we must remember that they are features of contemporary Western industrial society as a whole. This achievement marks the early twentieth century as a time of progress far more rapid and intense than any progress of this kind which took place in the nineteenth century. Yet it was the nineteenth century which called itself the century of progress, and which historians have always thought of under this title.

Changes during the War

It may be thought surprising for me to say that the point at which the shape of English society can be seen to have changed came during the war, a time when our country was in greater military danger than it has ever been and under a government, the Churchill coalition, which certainly did not take office to bring about reform, least of all the reform of the social structure. I do intend to give the impression that in some sense the people of this country, or a particular number of them having support from many others, deliberately decided to introduce something like a new social order at that time, and that they succeeded. The crucial, overall change we are discussing was not merely a matter of the social results of medical advances, of changes in mortality, or in the level of wages and the distribution of income—results which might conceivably have come about without any policy, any political or governmental policy, being at play. But before I say more about the causes of the transformation, and its chronology—for this period of reform was only one among many since the death of Victoria—I would like to talk a little more about mortality, and about the family too.

The number of children born to each family was well over four in the later part of the last century, whereas by the nineteen-fifties it did not reach two and a half. This fall of a third and more in the number of children a woman had may seem rather less dramatic than the other changes I have been discussing, but Professor Richard Titmuss reminded us a year or two ago that along with the greater expectation of life it has meant a total transformation in the position and outlook of women, especially working-class women. 'At the beginning of this century', he says, 'the expectation of life of a woman aged twenty was forty-six years. Approximately one third of this life-expectancy—fifteen years—was to be devoted to child bearing. Today the expectation of life of a woman aged twenty is fifty-five and of this only four years—about a fifteenth—is spent in child bearing'. He also tells us that sixty years ago about half of all working-class wives of over forty had borne between seven and fifteen children.

There is no need for me to state that this sort of thing has completely disappeared, that families of one and two children are in fact the commonest now, as against the families of five, six, and seven which predominated earlier in the century. I cannot dwell on the many reasons which a sociologist would give to show that where the numbers and the functions of women and children are so completely altered, and the size of the family too, it is simply a different society. The emancipation of women, including the granting of the right to vote, is almost entirely an achievement of the twentieth century, and it has meant in a sense the adding of a new, a different, half to humanity. As for the size of the family, I am impressed by the fact that it shrank far more in the first fifty years of this century than over the whole period since Stuart times. Once more the rate of transformation in Victorian times begins to look modest in comparison.

Freedom through Full Employment

These changes—deliberate changes because there can be no doubt that they were due in great part to the use of contraceptives—cannot be referred to the nineteen-forties. Indeed the lowest point reached by the biological family in England is to be found in the Depression years of the nineteen-thirties. But freedom from the tyranny of child-bearing, freedom also from absolute subjection to her husband and to the traditional family, freedom to join in the world of work, has come to the Englishwoman since the beginning of full employment: and that is since 1940. In every year we know about until then, right back to the eighteen-nineties, unemployment was higher than it has ever been since 1940. If full

employment has been the crucial matter in the emancipation of women, it has been even more important in that even greater element in social change in twentieth-century England, the virtual disappearance of poverty which I discussed in my first talk.

This question of prosperity, of the alternation between times when the world wanted our goods and the times when it did not, has to be put alongside another completely arbitrary element, that of war and peace, when the historian tries to make up his mind about social change in twentieth-century England. The years 1914 to 1919 or even 1921, the first war and its aftermath, were years when the rate of social change was immensely speeded up. It is equally certain that the inter-war depression, when perhaps a fifth of English productive capacity rotted away in idle, obsolescent machinery and in hours, days, years of enforced, miserable idleness for millions of people, was a period when social change was relatively slow. Economic change and progress was taking place, very significant change as we now begin to realize. But it was with the second war, when we committed more of our total activity as a nation to the business of fighting than any other nation did, or perhaps ever has done, that society itself resumed its transformation at an unprecedented pace. The second war was succeeded by economic expansion and prosperity unparalleled in the twentieth century and comparable to that of early Victorian days; and prosperity, if not breakneck economic expansion, is with us still.

Periods of Deliberate Reform

But no one, not in a simple sense, can be said to have caused either of the wars, or established and maintained prosperity. I say this in spite of the way the economists talk about keeping up full employment, about their Keynesian *revolution*—they would call it that. This profound alteration of economic policy came incidentally in the early nineteen-forties. But there have been other actions and periods of deliberate reform in this century, reforms whose effectiveness can be traced in the whole process we are trying to understand.

Before the first war, which was a time, as we often forget, when violence was very near to the surface in England, violence over the trade unions and their strikes, violence over women's rights, there was the Education Act of 1902 and the famous Lloyd George Budget of 1909. I am afraid I have neglected education in these talks, and said almost nothing about the welfare state which is so often said to have its final origin in the Budget of 1909.

Similar individual acts stand out in fifty years of legislation, nearly all of it 'reform' legislation, or 'progressive' in the nineteenth-century sense. But in all the areas of deliberate social legislation and planning for legislation the early nineteen-forties have it. The Butler Act of 1944 was the charter of educational opportunity for our generation and will be thought of as such by our posterity. The Beveridge Report, a world best seller and as much read in the United States as in Britain, did begin the contemporary welfare state, although most of its provisions were enacted by the Labour Government and not the Coalition. The National Health Service, like all the rest of the reforms of those reformist years, codified, made into a culmination, all the earlier legislation of that kind. And like the New Towns and the nationalized industries, it can be shown to have had its origins in aspirations and plans which were fully formed before ever the war was won and the first and only independent Labour Government took office.

But something else happened at this time, probably about 1943, which goes even deeper, deeper indeed than is at all convenient for me with my brief opportunity for discussing it. Elections, we now know, are not won by election campaigns and are not decided by the so-called issues in front of the country when the poll is taken. The country makes up its mind, if that is a possible phrase, months, even years before. It has been shown by the political sociologists that the swing of allegiance which made possible the Labour victory of 1945 took place something like two years before. And this, I shall claim, is the clinching argument about the early nineteen-forties.

Here at last I return to the theme of my earlier talks. The Labour Party began in 1901 as a practical political proposition, and its success was rapid for the first twenty-five years. This was not surprising since what we should spontaneously call the natural

support of the Labour Party—that is to say the working people—constituted then and ever since at least two-thirds and probably more like three-quarters of the whole population. With the great extension of the franchise in 1919, and its becoming virtually universal ten years later, the complete disappearance of the Liberal Party in favour of the Labour Party and a situation where Conservative and Labour governments alternated were to be expected.

But though the Labour Party did head minority governments in 1924 and in 1930-31, both in their way political disasters, this did not occur. I will take a great gulp at a huge pudding of a historian's problem and claim that what happened was this. The society of England was unwilling to accept ideological politics, politics where there are two possible governments, one of the economically privileged and the other of the economically unsatisfied. Not until 1943. In that year apparently it did accept the possibility of Labour rule, the prospect of nationalization and of developing socialism. And as I see it, when every qualification is made, this shift was decisive, although the Labour Government lasted for only six years, and although for all we yet know there may never be another.

'Mimesis', you will remember, was that imitiveness which has seen the key to middle classness in this century. The emergence and early success of the Labour Party marked two things: first, the recognition by politicians that out of insecurity and the dead uniformity of conditions under which English workers lived, it was possible to create a sense of political community, a movement; second, the partial rejection of mimesis. For party politics and the Liberal and 'Tory' labels belonged to the Establishment, which was in this and all other things so slavishly imitated. As the electoral support of the Labour Party grew, it travelled up the social scale—it is fascinating to watch how it did so. About a sixth of the Labour vote now comes from the 'middle-classes', mostly from what I have called the bogus part of them. That the instinct to imitate, to defer to social superiors, is still of great importance nevertheless is shown by the fact that a half of the Conservative vote comes from the working class today.

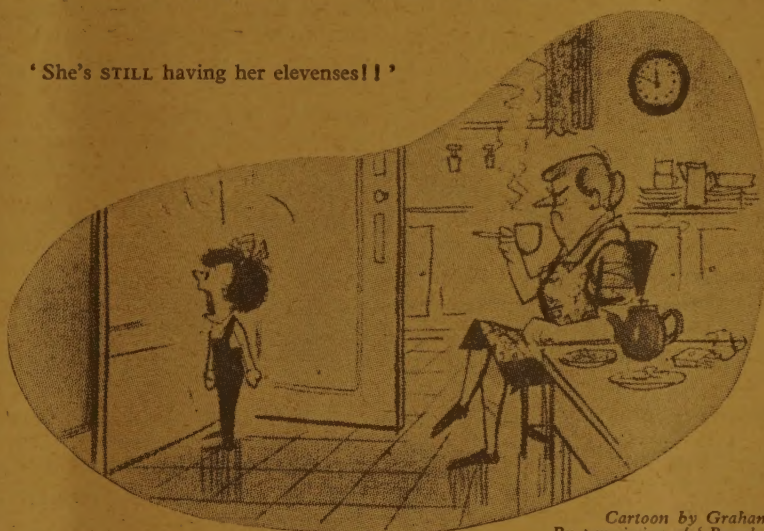
The story of coalitions, national governments, huge victories for the traditionalists, showed that until the nineteen-forties English politics could not really be played on ideological lines. Since then they have been, and this is as far as I can go to convince you of the case that there was critical social change in our country in the early nineteen-forties.

I recognize that I have left a great deal unexplained, and raised many more questions than I have been able to answer. The actual reasons why there was no uprising in England have not been examined, though I hope you may recognize how inappropriate it would be to expect such a thing to happen in a society constituted and developing as our society has done. I hope too you may agree that an explanation in terms of the fall of the middle class and the rise of the working class is equally unsuited to the case. Class, I would maintain, has no history: only working groups, families, parties, perhaps establishments have histories. A class is a constellation of social uniformities and opportunities, not a community.

I realize, too, that I have been unable to escape the uncomfortable dilemma which affects all who are rash enough to take the historical view of the recent past—the dilemma which comes about because everything is still changing. Every month in the nineteen-sixties may make what happened in the nineteen-thirties, 'forties, and 'fifties look different. Until recently it could have been said that the welfare state, as it was by 1951, represented tendencies, which were, each and all of them, irreversible; that the

redistribution of income by taxation would go on becoming more and more effective, that the benefits assured to the aged, the sick, the workless would for every increase in their value, that education would claim more and more of our disposable wealth. But you know well that this has not been so, that the end of rationing meant the end of a considerable part of our economic sharing, that the cash benefit now paid to a sick worker is probably less in purchasing power than it was under the original Lloyd George Act of 1911. Most conspicuous is the supertax, which since it had a beginning fixed at £2,000 in the nineteen-twenties automatically went on taking money from the well-off for the purposes of the state, and this meant to a great extent for the benefit of those not so well-off. As inflation went on after the war, supertax became automatically more effective as a means of redistributing wealth. This I used to quote as the overt sign that the changed role of the state in matters of economic equalization could never be changed back again. It has been, last year, some of you might now reply, if only in part.

'She's STILL having her elevenses!!'



What seems convincing, then, as a generalization about social change in England from 1901 to 1951 may not seem so for England from 1901 to 1961. Perhaps, too, I have left a little vaguer than I should what exactly I mean by the reduction of the social height, though preciseness in a matter such as this can hardly be expected from me. If I have, then I hope that to pick out one last little strand from the bewildering tangle of social developments in twentieth-century England may make it a little clearer. In 1900 personal domestic service was the principal occupation of all the employed women of the country; there were 1,500,000 servants among the 4,000,000 women at work. It was the largest occupational group for men or for women, larger than mining, engineering, or agriculture. By the end of the first war the numbers had fallen, so far and so fast that there was an official inquiry. But even during the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, when everyone, men or women, might have been glad of a job, and when the demand was as great or greater, domestic servants continued to get fewer. By the nineteen-thirties they were down to half, though still a considerably sized occupation. There were only 700,000 by 1931, a decline of more than a half. By 1951 the female domestic servant had almost disappeared: all 'servants', men and women, in institutions and in houses numbered only about 175,000; in the same year the numbers of women in offices reached the number which had been domestic servants in 1900. The price of domestic help has risen in the last twenty years more than any other item of household expenditure, but servants are still not to be had. Englishwomen simply will no longer do the personal work of other Englishwomen, whoever they are and whoever they are asked to serve. The social height is too low.

This is the last of three talks in the Third Programme. Previous talks appeared in THE LISTENER of December 28 and January 4.

Somerset 1625-1640 (Oxford, 40s.), by T. G. Barnes, is a study of 'a county's government during the personal rule' of Charles I. It is of more than local interest. Somerset may not have been a typical English county (which one was?) but seems in this period to have been free of the worst social or religious extremes. This moderation is Mr. Barnes's justification for so detailed an investigation. But his job was worth doing, also, for the light it sheds on the whole problem of the English revolution. In Somerset, as elsewhere, local politics and local government had long become inextricably intertwined. By 1640 'local government had nearly come to a standstill'. Mr. Barnes closes with the summoning of what was to be the Long Parliament, but he has added to our understanding of the collapse of central government that followed, and of the two hectic years which brought on civil war.

I. A. R.

The Listener

What They Are Saying

The future of the United Nations

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Travel Boom

THE boom in travel continues: twenty-one days in the Lebanon, villas on the Riviera complete with maid and baby-sitter, cars flown hundreds of miles in order to be driven hundreds more, luxury coaches 'doing' in a fortnight the grand tour of Europe that used to take the eighteenth-century Englishman a couple of years. Thus affluence makes Marco Polos of us all, and for thousands of people who before the war might never have got further than their nearest seaside resort the prospects now being opened up (some of which are indicated elsewhere in this issue) can hardly fail to be rewarding. From time to time, of course, dissenting voices are heard prophesying woe, litter, crowds, development: these are mainly the voices of cultivated elderly people who recall nostalgically that in their youth they had the beautiful and historic places of the earth more or less to themselves. Places in Greece, they cry, which were once accessible only by mule can now actually be reached by motor-car, and there are air-conditioned motels when you arrive.

But those who feel that the golden age of travel, like other golden ages, lies in the past, sometimes forget that most travellers under forty simply do not have these arcadian memories of a younger, emptier world in which a civilized few could go where they liked unherded and unaided. For the new generation of tourists, the image of Venice packed with sightseers is the only Venice they know: for them, the aristocratic literary Venice of Henry James and Thomas Mann does not exist and never did. It is mainly those brought up on Wordsworth who cherish sadly a vision of the Lake District as a land of solitude where the individual can commune with nature. It is, perhaps unfortunately, inevitable, that as prosperity spreads, its rewards (among which travel must rank high) are bound to spread also. It is no use widening people's horizons with television, and giving them more money and faster transport, and then expecting them to stay at home.

Fashions change. Fifty years ago the Riviera was almost deserted in the summer, while there are no doubt at this moment somewhere in the world a few desirable remote places which are still in the same stage of development now as Cannes was before Lord Brougham happened to stop there, or any English seaside resort before the passing of the Bank Holidays Act. Those who like, and can still afford, solitude are advised to seek such places out now: if they are mentioned in this year's Travel Book Number it is, alas, probably already too late. Otherwise there seems to be nothing for it but to follow the well-beaten tracks or to stay at home, until we can persuade the educational authorities to vary the school summer term so that parents with children are no longer obliged to endure queues and traffic-jams during August. If there is no longer much space for sale, we could perhaps concentrate on trying to buy time.

THE FUTURE of the United Nations was the subject of widespread comment. A Moscow broadcast in many languages said that the Western Powers were preparing a plan to reorganize the U.N. on the principle of 'who pays the piper calls the tune'. Britain and the United States, it was alleged, could not reconcile themselves to the fact that the entry of a large group of young African and Asian states had invigorated the organization and made it more efficient and active in the defence of peace. Because the U.N. was ceasing to be 'a docile instrument' of the Western Powers, they declared it was 'passing through a crisis'.

The Western press continued to link this crisis with the Indian take-over in Goa and Indonesia's professed readiness to incorporate West New Guinea. *The New York Times* thought India's action, though small in itself, had 'further committed many members of the U.N. to a double standard, one that condemns Western nations for aggressions but excuses "anti-colonial" conquests'. As a result the U.N., along with India, would 'henceforth be a less effective instrument for peace'. *The New York Times* went on to say that, by the standard India had now set, 'Communist China is not an aggressor on India's Himalayan frontier but simply a rectifier of borders outlying under colonial rule'. By the same criterion Kashmir, whose future Mr. Nehru had long refused to have decided by popular referendum, 'should, as between Pakistan and India, belong to the nation that has the power to take it and keep it'.

Another American newspaper, the *Dallas Morning News*, blamed the U.N. for intervening too much, not too little:

If the U.N. continues to whack away at our independence and governmental sovereignty, then we ought to get out of it and carve out our own destiny in the American tradition.

The Australian press showed concern at Indonesia's attitude. The *Sydney Daily Telegraph* said that if Indonesia talked herself into an armed take-over of Dutch New Guinea, it would 'put Australia in one of the most critical dilemmas in her history'. Indonesia was the fifth largest nation in the world, her armed forces were greater than those of Australia, and in the event of hostilities over West New Guinea, 'Australia could not expect aid from any of her major allies'.

The Washington Post thought it was 'not surprising' that Australia was nervous about the 'moral blindness' of her neighbour. It went on:

Indonesia should be able to see that if she resorts to force in New Guinea many countries will be encouraged to try to settle their claims by invasions. The result may well be a new era of imperialism among the powers that have so recently emerged from colonial rule. This is the sort of threat to peace that the U.N. was designed to prevent. . . . It would be tragic indeed to have the U.N. destroyed by the unrestrained aggressions of those countries which most need its protection.

Ghana's radio observed, with reference to the Congo, that Britain, 'one of the U.N.'s firmest supporters', was now, through its Foreign Secretary, condemning the use of force by the U.N. to achieve its ends. It declared:

The world has drifted too long into devious paths. It is time that force was used by the world authority, and none other, to bring the world to right.

There were frequent references to economic conditions in New Year broadcasts from Eastern Europe. The Hungarian Prime Minister blamed last summer's drought for the current shortage of potatoes and onions. Referring to the recent rise in the price of Hungarian beer and cigarettes, Mr. Kadar explained that consumption had risen sharply. The Government, he said, had avoided raising the price of these commodities until it could compensate the public by selling sweets and pastry at cost price. Herr Ulbricht said 1961 had not been a bad year for Eastern Germany, though co-operative farming had not been able to make good all the ravages of the unfavourable weather.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

300-YEAR-OLD ACTRESSES

'EARLY IN JANUARY, 1661', said ROBERT CRADOCK in 'Today' (Home Service), 'Samuel Pepys, after seeing a play called *Beggar's Bush*, wrote that it was "the first time that I ever saw women upon the stage".'

'It obviously had to come in the end, though one wonders why men and boys were used in women's parts for so long when the system caused such endless confusion and delay. In one instance, says Colley Cibber, King Charles "coming before his usual time to a tragedy, found the actors not ready to begin; His Majesty, not choosing to have as much patience as his good subjects, sent to them to know the meaning of it; upon which the master of the company came to the box, and rightly judging that the best excuse for their default would be the true one, fairly told his majesty that the queen was not shaved yet. The King, whose good humour loved to laugh at a jest as well as make one, accepted the excuse, which served to divert him until the male queen could be effeminated".'

SKIING ON A VOLCANO

'In the North Island of New Zealand', said MARY ESSAME in a talk in the Home Service, 'there is a group of three mountains which are covered with snow in winter. One is a beautiful cone-shaped volcano, an active one, which erupts every now and again. The second is extinct. The third is in a rather curious in-between state, in that it is not exactly active, as its crater is full of hot water; but all the same, you are never quite sure what might happen if Ruapehu did decide to play up.'

'Ruapehu, or just "the Mountain", as it is known to skiers,

draws people like a magnet. Every weekend from Queen's Birthday in early June to Labour Day at the end of October—and sometimes even later if you are prepared to walk up the glacier—you can ski at the most highly developed winter sports resort in Australasia. And if you make a big effort, you can have a hot swim, simply by getting off your skis and into the water.'



Mount Ruapehu, North Island, New Zealand

For at about 9,000 feet, surrounded by cushiony, thick snow, lies the crater lake. When I saw it through the mist, dark and steaming and shot with sulphur yellow, I thought, "How uncanny"; but then the whole thermal area of the North Island, with its hot pools and geysers and blowholes and clouds of steam rising from the hillsides, is strange.

'During my second season on the mountain we were all afraid that at the very least Ngauruhoe, the volcano, would blow her top and scatter dirty ash all over the slopes of her neighbour, Ruapehu. We were not worried about what she did to herself or to the desolate miles of National Park, but ash takes the soles off one's skis. And at one time it seemed quite possible that Ruapehu would do something dramatic: the crater lake became hotter, and produced clouds of steam and whiffs of sulphur, like bad eggs. We used to have jolly conversations about the rate of flow of lava, and how fast one could really ski if one had to, and whether the insurance would pay out if our club huts, and our possessions, were engulfed.

'The ski huts on Ruapehu are all built by the club members. When you join, you agree to come up on working parties during the summer. In the early stages, the men play with gelignite and detonators and blast out the site, then they get to work and build. The girls cook and provide the endless cups of tea without which nothing in New Zealand could be done. We also did unskilled painting and puttying and so on. It was amazing how quickly huts sprang up, good solid wooden lodges, strong enough to withstand snow and gales. Some of them have hot showers and refrigerators, and almost all have electricity. There must have been a dozen-and-a-half gaily painted huts scattered among the rocks. At night, it was like looking at a little Alpine village, with lights in all its windows, with the majestic Pinnacles behind, shining white under the Southern Cross.

'Ruapehu was a world of its own, and a very beautiful one. I remember once, as we approached across the rain-soaked bush, we saw it through the mists like a vision of the celestial city bathed in light. In the evening the mountains would flush pink, then turn icy blue against the cyclamen sky. On a clear day one could see the creamy summit of Egmont, that lonely peak, rising out of a collar of cloud a hundred miles away in Taranaki. Below stretched the blue, humped King Country. In the late afternoon,



Skiers on 'the Mountain'

Photographs: High Commissioner for New Zealand

before that last rather frightening run down the rapidly freezing snow, the sun would be setting in the copper waters of the distant Tasman Sea'.

SYDNEY SMITH IN THE WEST COUNTRY

'Among the world's talkers', said R. D. REID in 'Far and Wide' (West of England Home Service), 'none has left a more agreeable memory than that unclerical parson, Sydney Smith.



The rectory at Combe Florey in 1840: after a sketch made by Mrs. George Grote during a visit

One thinks of him most naturally as the Canon of St. Paul's who was one of the brilliant circle that frequented Holland House. London was undoubtedly his spiritual home, but he did in fact pass a good deal of his life elsewhere. He spent five years in Edinburgh and for twenty-three years he held a living in Yorkshire. But he also—and this seems largely forgotten—held positions in the dioceses of Salisbury, Bristol, Exeter, and Bath and Wells.

Sydney Smith's very first appointment after his ordination in 1794 was as curate of Netheravon near Amesbury on Salisbury Plain. For three years he was in sole charge of the parish, and he was long remembered for his efforts to improve the appalling conditions of the poor, and particularly the children. Thirty years later he resumed his connexion with the West when he was made a Canon of Bristol Cathedral. With the canonry he received the small living of Halburton, near Tiverton. His most memorable act while he was at Bristol was on Guy Fawkes' Day, 1828, when he preached a powerful sermon on Catholic emancipation before the very Protestant Mayor and Corporation.

Smith still held his living in Yorkshire, but in 1829 he was able to leave it for one reasonably placed—Combe Florey, seven miles from Taunton on the Minehead road. Here there were certain family associations. His father had bought Lydeard House some twenty years earlier, and some of the family were still living there. At Combe Florey Smith was almost next door. He remained the rector after he had exchanged his canonry at Bristol for one at St. Paul's, and it was his home till he died.

Combe Florey is one of the most delightful of all the Quantock villages, nestling in its own greenly fertile combe, as the name implies. Here there was, and is, a typical Somerset village church full of interest and relics. Cottages in keeping are gathered closely to the main street, and at the far end, deeper into the combe, stands the rectory itself. As might be expected Smith found it too small and spent

much on improvements, £2,000 in fact. Of these the most striking are two large bow windows, one above the other, overlooking the lawn. They have little architectural merit, but give a most pleasant impression of the quiet country life of the time.

He himself said: "I have no relish for the country; it is a kind of healthy grave". And he poked fun at it by concocting a "country diary": "Mr. Smith's large red cow is expected to calve this week"; "Mr. Gibbs has bought Mr. Smith's lame mare"; "It rained yesterday, and, a correspondent observes, is not unlikely to rain today"; "Mrs. Smith is indisposed", and so on. An irate neighbouring squire, hearing of these strictures, called on Smith: "If I had an idiot son, by Jove, I'd make him a parson". This was too good an opening and earned the following reply: "Very probably, but I see your father was of a different mind".

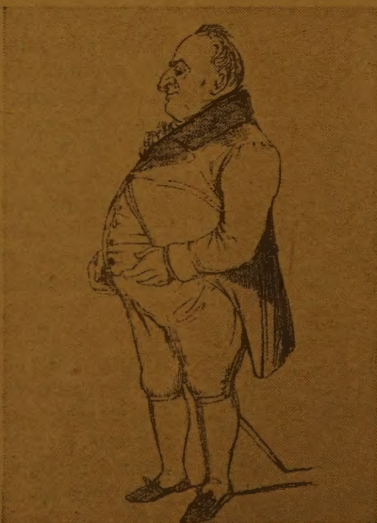
UNCONSCIOUS HUMORISTS

'I suppose the ordinary misprint gives me as much innocent fun as anything', said J. B. BOOTHROYD in 'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme). 'When I come across a parliamentary report with the headline "EQUAL YAP FOR WOMEN" you can have all your Wodehouses and Thurburs and S. J. Perlemons; this does it in one—short, quick, and painless. But misprints are easy game. The best jokes are printed all too accurately, and they display a wondrous ineptness with the arrangement of the English language sometimes: like the one from an Australian newspaper, sent to me by an aunt for some entirely different purpose: "Melbourne's women cricketers", it said, "are finding early form, especially the bowlers, some of whom had remarkable figures at the end of Saturday's game".

'Then there is a rich vein of fun in readers' letters to the Editor. Round about last Easter some one wrote to one of the London dailies—quite bluntly, no preliminaries of any kind: "Dear Sir, I have a hot-cross bun which is forty-five years old . . .", and a long description of this thing, and how it had been put in an old tea-caddy in the middle of the first world war, and ending up: "Is this the oldest bun in the world?"

'But I think pronouncements by authorities of one kind or another make the best comic reading, on the whole. The Law Courts come off well. I have treasured one magistrate's remark for ages: juvenile court, I suppose. He said: "This irresponsibility in public places is quite deplorable. Most of us understand that you young people have to let off steam somewhere, but a railway station is not the place to do it!" Or here's a rare specimen—and to enjoy the full bouquet, you ought to know that the speaker, a very distinguished chap, was giving evidence before the Royal Commission on the Civil Service, of all things. He said this: "What I have said has demonstrated that it is very difficult to find an answer to this question, but if I were pressed for an answer I would say that, so far as we can see, taking it rather by and large, taking one time with another, and taking the average of Departments, the probability is, on the balance as a whole, that there would not be found to be very much in it either way".

'When you get this sort of magnificent fun—helped along from time to time by a headline or two, such as "Rich Woman's Mother Has Been Cleaner"; "Lack of Cement Holds Up Houses"; and perhaps one or two local newspaper items from the Women's Institutes: such as—"A knitted sock competition resulted in a tie"—why should I spend money on the comic writers, at 15s. a slim volume? All I hope is that the reading public generally doesn't hit on this quick way to a cheap laugh, because that is going to put the comic writers out of business, including me . . . which will be no laughing matter'.



Sydney Smith: a caricature by Daniel Maclise

Faust's Damnation

The Morality of Knowledge

ERICH HELLER on the original Faustian doctrine and its abolition

Mr. Heller is Professor of German at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, and author of *'The Disinherited Mind'*, *'The Hazards of Modern Poetry'*, and *'The Ironie German—a study of Thomas Mann'*.

A FEW years ago one of the Cambridge colleges had an extremely conservative Master. He regarded the new-fangled Cambridge Ph.D. degree as a vulgar concession to transatlantic academic pilgrims, and the publishing of papers as one of the more degrading forms of self-advertisement. 'In my time', he used to say, 'it was of the essence of a gentleman that his name should never appear in print'. It so happened that the college had just elected into a fellowship a young man who not only had a few papers to his name but also the temerity to propose at the first fellows' meeting in which he took part, a number of measures concerning college policy. The Master listened frowningly, and when the novice had finished, said: 'Interesting, interesting'—and 'interesting' meant that he was both alarmed and bored, two states of mind that he was expert at blending—'interesting; but would it not seem to you that your suggestions are a little contradictory to the tradition of the college?' 'Not at all, Master', replied the aspiring reformer, 'I have studied the history of the college, and I can assure you that my proposals are perfectly in keeping with the ways of the college over the last 300 years'. 'This may well be', said the Master, 'but wouldn't you agree that the last 300 years have been, to say the least of them, rather exceptional?'

Of course, he was right; but speaking about Dr. Faustus means to speak about the exceptionalness, in at least one respect, of the last 300, or even 400 years. For the modern extravagance is shown, in the most timely manner imaginable, by the transformations of meaning which the story of Dr. Faustus has undergone since this 'insatiable speculator' and experimenter made his first appearance in literature: in the year 1587, in Germany, when the country was religiously dominated by Martin Luther. It was then that a certain Johann Spies printed and published in Frankfurt-am-Main the catastrophic record of the learned man Faustus who was, as we read, 'fain to love forbidden things after which he hankered day and night, taking unto himself the wings of an eagle in order to search out the uttermost parts of heaven and earth', until he decided to 'try out and put into action certain magic words, figures, characters, and conjurations, in order to summon up the Devil before him'; and whose 'apostasy was nothing more nor less than his pride and arrogance, despair, audacity, and insolence, like unto those giants of whom the poets

sing that they made war on God, yea, like unto that evil angel who opposed God, and was cast off by God on account of his arrogance and presumption'.

With his magic words, figures, characters, and conjurations Faustus gathered sufficient intelligence of the Devil to know how to bargain with him. He must have owned a particularly precious soul for he sold it at an exquisite price: before going to Hell, he was to enjoy twenty-four years of researcher's bliss, a period of

time during which Hell was 'to profit him greatly' if he but renounced 'all living creatures, and the whole heavenly host, and all human beings, for so it must be'.

This grimly didactic and ruthlessly pious tale captured the popular imagination as no other piece of German writing had done, with the exception of Luther's Bible; and like Luther's German Bible it played, as it were, upon the instrument of the age with that sureness of touch attainable only through the collaboration between a player of some genius and a score inspired by the *Zeitgeist*. Indeed, the story of Dr. Faustus was a great invention, and was to be treated again and again on



'The Death of Faust': an illustration by M. Retsch from *Das Kloster* (ed. Scheible)

many a level of seriousness and macabre jocularity. It was translated into other languages and made its way into England in a version which even claimed to be an improvement on the original. The translator gave his name as P. F. Gent on the title-page of *The Historie of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Doctor John Faustus*, 'newly imprinted and in convenient places imperfect matter amended: according to the true Copie printed at Franckfort'. Its chronology is uncertain; but the translation must have followed the 'true Copie' with remarkable speed. For it was this English text which was read by Marlowe; and instantly the provincial German tale was received into the poetic order of the Elizabethan stage; in the nick of time—for in 1593 Marlowe was killed by an unknown adversary.

Clearly, that Johann Spies in Frankfurt-am-Main was either a very lucky or a very brilliant publisher: he had put into circulation a modest little volume by a modestly anonymous author; and it proved to be the book of the epoch—and of many epochs. If ever a work made literary history, this one did. Marlowe, Lessing, Goethe, Heine, Lenau, Grabbe, Valéry, Thomas Mann—this is a register of only its more notorious debtors. But its fascination was, and has remained, not only literary. Spies's publication was a tract for the times, bidding farewell to its readers with the admonition of Peter: 'Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour'; and leaving them in no doubt where, at that hour, the lion roared most greedily: in the minds of men

curiously suspicious of the instructions their Church had given them about their world and their place in it; and who were now all of a sudden restlessly determined to probe forbidden depths. That time has passed, the mind has won its freedom, and the beast has not yet devoured us. Only that after centuries of free thought, free science, free testing, and free dare-devilling, there stood a doctor of nuclear physics in an American desert, watching the first experimental explosion of the atomic bomb, and saying that for the first time in his life he knew what sin was. The story published by Johann Spies of Frankfurt-am-Main in 1587 has indeed proved its power to stay.

Raising Faustus's Moral Stature

Which were the passages in the original German text that were found wanting by the English translator? What was the 'imperfect matter' that he chose to amend in 'convenient places'? Was he, the Elizabethan, a man of such literary sophistication that he could not abide any native Lutheran crudities? No, it surely was not upon the prompting of sheer aesthetic refinement that he replaced the original's very condemnatory diagnosis of Faustus's motives, 'for his frowardness, lawlessness, and wantonness goaded him on', by the simple and certainly less condemnatory statement, 'for his Speculation was so wonderful'; or that the remorseful exclamation of the German Faustus, 'Had I but had godly thoughts', was changed in English to the far less contrite 'Had not I desired to know so much'. From such comparisons it would emerge that the amendments were not at all a matter of literary elegance. True they were a matter of style: but of a comprehensive style of thought, feeling, and belief. A revolution of sensibility was afoot between the wanton, lewd, disreputable, and godless enterprises of the German magician and the 'wonderful speculation' of P. F. Gent's audacious scholar. The textual changes he made may have been slight, but their specific gravity was considerable: P. F. Gent was driven—more by historical compulsion than literary design—to raise the moral stature of Doctor Faustus. For such were the calendar and geography of the times that yesterday's wicked wizard would cross the frontier as tomorrow's candidate for historic grandeur.

No textual exegesis would be required in order to show the dramatic metamorphosis that took place in the estimate of Faustus's soul when Marlowe seized hold of the story; for at this point it would be enough to set the title of the original Faust-book, *The Historie of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Doctor Faustus*, against the title of Marlowe's drama: *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*. Exit—and exit for good—the despicable, damnable blackguard, and enter the tragic hero. To be sure, there is still damnation. But it is the downfall of a Prometheus and not the homecoming to Hell of a depraved creature. At least this is so in the fullness of Marlowe's poetic conception, notwithstanding the frequent vacuities of dramatic execution; and even if no rumours had reached us of Marlowe's doubtful orthodoxy; even if we did not know that the man who taught him at Corpus Christi, Cambridge, was burned for heresy, we yet would be struck by the running battle fought in his *Dr. Faustus* between poetry and story: the sensibility of the writer is in a state of flagrant insurrection against the opinions of his fable.

Poetic Imagination

The truth of the poetic imagination gives the lie to the religious assertiveness of the plot, and moments of exquisite poetry punish Hell for its insistence upon the theologically proper outcome. Let the groundlings be righteously entertained by the farcical paraphernalia of Faustus's 'frowardness, lawlessness, and wantonness'; in the upper ranks it is known that his 'Speculation' is 'so wonderful'—or in Marlowe's words: 'Sweet analytics, 'tis thou hast ravished me'. And this could not be otherwise with a poet who shortly before, in *Tamburlaine*, had wished his birthday blessings on the new aeon—the Faustian Age, as it was called by a much later historian—and wished it in the name of Nature that teaches us 'to have aspiring minds' and in

Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wand'ring planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,

And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest . . .

Such a soul, created by a God who is not 'in one place circumscribable',

But everywhere fills every continent
With strange infusion of his sacred vigour—

such a soul, created by such a godhead—what abominable offence, one wonders, would it have to commit in order truly to deserve the divine wrath that, against the very testimony of the poetry, settles even with Marlowe the ultimate fate of the profound Dr. Faustus?

That the condemned hero emerges from Marlowe's drama, by the verdict of its poetry, as incomparably more divine than the avenging divinity who, far from filling every continent with strange infusion of his sacred vigour, appears to spread everywhere the theological pedantry and petty demons peddling silly provocations—and so they fly inglorious *agents provocateurs*, 'in hope to get his glorious soul', as Mephistopheles announces to Faustus: in this incongruity between the mind of its language and the mind of its action lies, as literary criticism would have to insist, the dramatic failure of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*.

The Blossoming Tree of Knowledge

But literary criticism—the contemporary poor substitute for indisposed theology—would thus rightly imply that Marlowe's sensibility was unable to do poetic justice to the doctrine of the Fall. For Marlowe would have had to do precisely this in order to make a perfect dramatic success of *Dr. Faustus*; and in his incompetence to do so he was fortified by the sensibility of his age. Why, Francis Bacon even believed that mankind would regain Paradise by climbing with empirical resolution to the top of the Tree of Knowledge, of the very tree which the author of the German Faust-book had planted in the centre of his story, with Faustus as a second Adam, Mephisto in his old serpentine role, and Helen of Troy as a somewhat shadowy Eve. With Marlowe's poetry spring has come to the tree which once, in its mythological robustness, would have seemed immune from the seasonal changes. Suddenly it stands in full blossom, and in the absence of ripe apples Eve launches a thousand ships manned with explorers to explore the enticingly uncharted seas. Who speaks of Faust's sin? The plot, but not the poetry.

'Would you not agree that the last 300 or 400 years have been rather exceptional?' Yes; for in the course of those centuries the poetic truth of *Dr. Faustus* has been rendered into the prose of science; and in the process it has shed all theological inhibitions fostered by the morality of the old Faustian plot—the morality of the Tree of Knowledge. The serpent has been chased off its branches, and the tree, bearing sinful fruit no more, received, on the contrary, its glorification at the hands of the new age. The searching mind and the restless imagination were declared sacrosanct. It was a stupendous revolution, glorious and absurd. Its glories need no recalling. They still lie in state in our universities, our theatres, and our museums of art and science.

But its absurd consequences pursue us, alas, with keener vivacity. For we make a living, and shall make a dying, on the once triumphant Faustian spirit, now at the stage of its degeneracy. Piccolo Faustus has taken over the world of the mind. Wherever he sees an avenue, he will explore it—regardless of the triviality or the disaster to which it leads; wherever he sees the chance of a new departure, he will take it—regardless of the desolation left behind. He is so unsure of what *ought* to be known that he has come to embrace a preposterous superstition: everything that *can* be known is also *worth* knowing—including the manifestly worthless. Already we are unable to see the wood for the trees of knowledge; or the jungle either. Galley-slaves of the free mind's aimless voyaging, we mistake our unrestrainable curiosity, the alarming symptom of spiritual tedium, for scientific passion. Most of that which flourishes in these days as 'science', said Kierkegaard, is not science but indiscretion; and he and Nietzsche said that the natural sciences will engineer our destruction.

Yet even at its splendid beginning there was something absurdly reckless in the Faustian worship of the human mind and in its absolute emancipation from the vigilance of moral judgment: something hysterically abandoned in thus hallowing among all

human faculties just the one which Adam had been taught to fear above all others. The very child of sin was now brought up in the belief that he could do no wrong, and before long Faust's soul was to be kidnapped from Hell and taken to Heaven by the poets in reward for his mind's insatiability.

Dr. Faustus—is he damned or is he saved? Who would not suspect that the question has been emptied of meaning? Can we, from within our mundane sensibilities, make sense of these words at all? Are they more than sonorous echoes from outlived theological solemnities, vibrating with a vague promise or a not so vague intimidation? Where there is now talk of hell-fire, what comes to mind with banal inevitability—for the gods strike those whom they wish to destroy with the sense of the occasion's banality—is, of course, not an eternity of the soul's torment but that thing to end all things, the stale, murderous, unthinkable, unspeakable, banal thing, the Bomb, which, whether or not it will do its work, has done its work already: its very contemplation corrupts the mind. Indeed, the Bomb does readily come to mind—yet, alas, not quite so readily that which has made it possible: the wings of the eagle that Dr. Faustus took upon himself in order to search out the uttermost parts of heaven and earth, and the innermost parts of life and matter, and to bring them within the reach of man's ever-blundering power, untutored helplessness, and mortal folly. A creature that, upon the irrefutable evidence of his history, cannot control himself, in control of all life on earth—the Faustian Leonardo da Vinci had an inkling of this scientific Hell when he feared to make known his discovery of how to stay under water for long stretches of time: because men would only use it for making machines with which to carry their wicked designs into the seas.

Yet such timely reflections are still no answer to our question. For the atomic Armageddon would not bring home—home?—the ancient meaning of damnation. It would be, on the contrary, the consummation of meaninglessness—a meaninglessness which may have acquired demonic properties on its journey from the laboratories of science to the arsenals of power; but if so, then certainly without detriment to the proud theological meaninglessness of those scientific 'truths' in whose pursuit the demon was

begotten. For Dr. Faustus, once bitten, soon discovered means with which to overcome any theological shyness: in the war between Heaven and Hell he declared himself a neutral and claimed that the works of his mind were supremely irrelevant to the theological status and destiny of man's soul. He became the 'objective observer' of creation and finally of himself. But the genius of invention that possessed him played him a trick. In the long run he willy-nilly became the inventor of a new kind of Hell: of the dull inferno of a world without meaning for the soul, a world ruthlessly examined by the detached mind and confusedly suffered by the useless passions. If once Dr. Faustus had sold his soul to the devil for the promise of success in his search for Truth, he now tried to annul the bargain by turning scientist and insisting that in his role as a searcher for Truth he had no soul. Yet the Devil was not to be cheated. When the hour came, he proved that this search, conducted behind the back of the soul, had led to a Truth that was Hell.

Let our Fausts of science, thought, and letters loudly protest against the Bomb! He need not be the Devil who asks: Are all their works testimony to the surpassing worth and sanctity of life? Are they, implicitly, a refutation and denunciation of anyone who might think life base and senseless enough to render its destruction a matter of irrelevance? Or are not most of their works demonstrations rather of life's ultimate senselessness, or even of the unholy mess of human affairs? And he need not be the Devil who says: There is a connexion between the threat of atomic annihilation and that spiritual nothingness with which the mind of the age has been fascinated for so long, between universal suicide and Dr. Faustus's newly discovered damnation: a universe which, as a philosopher who knew his science put it, is 'a dull affair, merely the hurrying of material, endlessly, meaninglessly'.

'However you disguise it', Whitehead wrote, 'this is the practical outcome of the characteristic scientific philosophy which closed the seventeenth century'—and which may close the twentieth, as we, alas, are bound to add, with a still more practical outcome of Dr. Faustus's witty enterprise to outwit the Devil by creating a Hell of his own.—*Third Programme*

On Doing Well at School

MICHAEL ARGYLE considers the different attitudes of children

WE all know that intelligent children do better at school-work and examinations than unintelligent children—which is why intelligence tests are used at eleven-plus. However, intelligence is not the only factor in determining school success, and there is much variation in achievement among children of the same intelligence. Those who do better than would be expected on the basis of their I.Q. alone are sometimes called 'over-achievers'; those who do less well are called 'under-achievers'. One factor besides intelligence which determines how well a child will do is how highly he is 'motivated' to do well at school-work, that is how hard he works, and how keen he is to succeed in this sphere. In other words, to predict how well a given child will do at school—and afterwards for that matter—we must know both how intelligent he is and how hard he is prepared to work.

We are not yet able to measure this second factor of how hard he is prepared to work as well as we can intelligence, but tests of what is known as 'achievement motivation' do discriminate between over- and under-achievers, as well as between people who try more and less hard at laboratory tasks. One way of measuring achievement motivation is to show children pictures of rather vague scenes including one person of the same sex and about the same age as the child. He is then asked to write down the first story that comes into his head about what might be happening in the picture. The over-achievers tend to produce stories about people succeeding or wishing to succeed, about people competing against some standard of excellence—such as getting a prize or passing

an examination. They may refer to some unique accomplishment, such as inventing something, or to long-term preparations for future success, such as becoming a doctor, or to being faced with obstacles. The under-achiever is less likely to refer to any of these themes when writing about the same pictures. A standard method of scoring has been worked out which gives a measure of the amount of achievement motivation expressed in the stories.

Another way of measuring a child's need for success is to give him a questionnaire constructed by statistical methods similar to those which are the basis of intelligence tests. These consist of questions about how concerned the child is with success and failure. Such questionnaires show some agreement with the previous 'projective' method and also discriminate between over- and under-achievers. It must be admitted that this is all in the early stages of research, that the measures obtained are not exact or satisfactory and that, although different tests show some agreement, there is much room for improvement.

Why do some children work harder than others? One answer some psychologists have been inclined to give is that it depends on how much children have been rewarded for success, or for trying hard, on the one hand, and punished for not working hard on the other. A number of American studies have tested this hypothesis, in most cases comparing samples of children who were high and low in achievement motivation, to see if there was any evidence of different responses by parents to success and failure. Taking the results for punishment first, there seems considerable doubt

whether this has much effect. One study suggested that punishment for not trying hard enough produces achievement motivation only when there is a harsh and rigid relation between parents and children.

Why Intelligent Children Work Harder

The effects of reward for achievement efforts are a little more positive. One study found that achievement motivation was produced when parents reacted to achievement efforts with emotional rewards—especially when they used demonstrative signs of affection. On the other hand, the same investigation showed that verbal praise or material rewards had no effect at all. It looks as if the practice of giving children bicycles or sums of money for passing examinations may have little influence on their future efforts. A second kind of reward which seems to be relevant here is the experience of success at tasks. Experiments in which children were allowed to succeed or fail at laboratory tasks showed that success led to greater efforts on later occasions. This probably explains why it is that, although children of a given intelligence vary in achievement motivation, there is a definite tendency for intelligent children to work harder. This is no doubt because they have had more experience of success than the less intelligent children.

Thus children will develop a higher level of achievement motivation if they have received emotional rewards for past efforts or success, and if they have had plenty of experience of success at school-work. This gives us a partial explanation of the origins of this form of motivation. It occurred to me that there might be two further aspects of parent-child relations involved, and so Dr. Peter Robinson—now at Hull University—and I carried out an investigation with five hundred grammar-school children to test these ideas.

The first hypothesis made use of the fact that children, to a greater or less degree, identify with their parents—that is, take them as models for imitation; it was suggested that if the parents are themselves visibly hard-working and ambitious the children may acquire a similar pattern of motivation. Identification with parents was measured by the similarity of children's description of their parents, and of the kind of person they would most like to be themselves, on a series of seven-point rating scales known as the 'semantic differential'. If a child describes his ideal self in much the same way as he describes his father, we take it that he is identifying with his father. Our hypothesis was confirmed: children who report that their parents are hard-working and ambitious have a high need for achievement themselves if they identify with their parents. The father has more influence than the mother, and the weakest influence is that of mother on son, probably because this is the lowest identification link—that is, boys do not want to become like their mothers.

The Right Example and Environment

Parents who want their children to work hard through this mechanism must do two things: they must be visibly hard-working themselves, and they must bring about the conditions under which their children will identify with them. I have sometimes followed the first principle by taking work home and doing it at the same table where my children are doing their homework. The second factor, the conditions for identification, is more complicated. In the first place, identification occurs only when the parent is living at home and spends a certain amount of time with the children. Secondly, the parent-child relation should be warm and satisfying to both parties. Thirdly, the parent should be sufficiently attractive, impressive, and acceptable to the child in relation to local standards of acceptability. It has been found that the children of immigrants tend to reject their parents as models, since they speak with the wrong accent, and so on.

Our second hypothesis was that if parents made firm and definite demands for achievement, and set definite standards to be met, then the child would 'introject' those demands; that is to say he starts to apply them to himself. This is similar to the theory of the conscience put forward by the psycho-analysts: parents approve and disapprove, and make exhortations about various kinds of behaviour. Eventually, it is suggested, the child starts doing to himself, when alone, what the parents would have done. If he transgresses, he is cross with himself and feels guilty.

To test our hypothesis we asked children to estimate the strength of their parents' demands for achievement. We found that where such demands were said to be strong, the children's motivation was higher. This has now been confirmed by two American investigators who also found that higher standards and stronger demands were made by the parents of achievers. One interesting part of our findings was that such exhortations influenced achievement motivation as measured by the projection test in which children were asked to write stories about pictures. Their conscious concern with success as measured by a questionnaire was, however, unaffected. The explanation of this is probably that introjection creates a type of motivation of which we are not consciously aware, except perhaps as a vague and uneasy feeling that we ought to work harder.

Again, it is likely that this mode of influence works only under certain conditions. A number of studies show that the introjection of a conscience occurs where there is a close, dependent, and rather intense relation between parent and child, and when parents react to transgressions in a very emotional way, expressing disappointment and withdrawing love.

Although it looks as if achievement motivation can be implanted in children in this way, I am inclined to think that it is perhaps undesirable to do so. The person whose achievement motivation comes from his conscience feels that he *ought* to work hard rather than positively *choosing* to; he will be driven by unconscious compulsions and experience a good deal of tension and guilt. In our study we found, furthermore, that the people who had this kind of conscience were mainly concerned to avoid failure, whereas those who developed their motivation through identification were more concerned with the positive pursuit of success. If this kind of motivation can be created just as well through reward and identification, these are probably healthier procedures than that of the introjection of exhortations and standards.

A Source of Later Frustration

Is it desirable for parents to encourage the development of achievement motivation at all in a society where many will be unsuccessful in school and similar work? Provided the child is intelligent, this will enable him to make full use of his intelligence—and many able young people never get to university through a lack of encouragement by parents. If the child is not intelligent, unduly high motivation will only be a source of later frustration. Often, through vagaries of genetics, highly intelligent parents have children of only average intelligence, who are unfairly expected to be as clever as their parents: these are cases in which too much achievement motivation, usually of the introjected variety, leads to much later unhappiness. This is particularly a problem for the child with more intelligent brothers or sisters. Such children should be diverted into non-academic spheres of achievement as soon as possible.

On the whole, intelligent children obtain more experience of success, and thus develop achievement motivation; the right people get the right motivation: we want to do what we are good at. This may go wrong, however, with children who have been put up to a higher form, and never get enough success; or with children at remote country schools, who through lack of competition get too much. Such children acquire a high level of motivation combined with too optimistic a view of their own abilities, which can be a source of trouble when they meet stronger competition.

Whether, in the long run, achievement motivation is a valuable personality trait for a society to develop in its members can give rise to interesting speculation. On the one hand, since few can succeed, there is no doubt that the too-widespread development of such ambitions in any society can be a source of much unhappiness and discontent. On the other hand, scientists and industrialists are strong in this need, and without it there would probably be no science or industry—*Network Three*

The Grandeur that was Rome, by J. C. Stobart, has been edited and revised by W. S. Maguinness and H. H. Scullard (Sidgwick and Jackson, £2 5s.). The book first appeared in 1912. This fourth edition has been admirably revised by the present editors. The literary and social topics are reassessed. A copious set of new illustrations making use of the latest techniques and recent discoveries adds greatly to this well-produced book.

London Architecture: the End of an Era

By J. M. RICHARDS

Mr. Richards is joint editor of the 'Architectural Review', and the author of 'An Introduction to Modern Architecture'

THE buildings that the Architect's Department of the London County Council has designed during the past ten or twelve years are among the best in Britain. People come from all over the world to inspect and admire them, and Londoners themselves have become accustomed, as they go about their city, to see whole new urban landscapes being created by the L.C.C. in places as various as Stepney and Poplar, Roehampton, Bermondsey and the Elephant and Castle; and if they are people with a discriminating and unprejudiced eye, these have greatly strengthened their confidence in modern architecture's ability to bring back order and dignity, as well as efficiency, to city life.

The work of the L.C.C. architects has often been praised in recent years, but this is the moment to praise it again when the Department that produces it is threatened with extinction by the dismantling of the L.C.C. itself—and not only to praise it; but to understand how its achievements have been managed and what is in danger of being lost when it goes. For it is not only a high standard of building that this Department, staffed by some hundreds of architects, has achieved, but something rather more difficult: an organization that can develop ideas, can investigate and experiment with new techniques and, above all,



Mixed housing development at Roehampton by the L.C.C. architects

Left: L.C.C. housing, Loughborough Road, S.W.9—a tall block formed of two-storey maisonette units

Photographs: 'Architectural Review'

can improve its own programmes by studying and analysing the needs of the people it serves.

The ideas the L.C.C. architects have contributed are manifold; they include many that we now associate as a matter of course with good modern practice. For example, what is called mixed development in housing, in which flats in tall, well spaced towers contrast with groups of houses informally laid out and sympathetically exploiting a well-treed landscape, in a way that only Scandinavian architects had done before. The L.C.C. has developed this idea inspiringly in its Roehampton estates in south-west London, which have lately transformed the skyline as well as the social character of the whole area between Wimbledon Common and Richmond Park.

In other estates it has made enterprising use of other ideas, like pedestrian and vehicle separation in the large reconstruction areas in the war-devastated East End or the use of tall buildings composed wholly of maisonettes, both there and south of the river, which not only provide very liveable family dwellings on sites that have to be densely built up, but a solution to one of the most intractable aesthetic problems housing architects have been confronted with. The endlessly repeated small window-units of multi-storey buildings tend to be both boring and overpowering



but the two-storey units of which maisonettes are composed have relieved the monotony effectively—since alternate floors are different—and broken down the scale into something more human.

That is only one small example of the sort of contribution the L.C.C. architects have been so skilful at making to the growth of maturity and sensibility in mass-produced modern architecture. They have shown how sensitively the new and economical materials like concrete frames and panel walls can be handled; they have led the way in the design of special types of school and of old people's homes; and they have been pioneers in all sorts of matters of policy ranging from the profound social analysis that has preceded their housing enterprises to the patronage of the fine arts in commissioning sculpture and wall paintings for public places. In fact they have provided a patch of light in the gloom of contemporary mediocrity. So often when we hear that some site or area is to be rebuilt our heart sinks at the prospect, unless it is to be done by one of a small handful of architectural offices. But if it is an L.C.C. project we know we can look forward to something interesting, often exciting, and at worst acceptable.

Perhaps even more relevant to my present theme, the L.C.C. pioneered the system of group working in large architectural offices; this allows groups of young architects to take responsibility for a project and see it right through, instead of playing a minor part in many projects while only those at the top of a great administrative pyramid were granted responsibility and scope for their design ideas. This system is one of the secrets of the L.C.C.'s high standard, and it explains why the Architect's Department became—within a few years of Robert Matthew being appointed its head in 1948—one that enterprising young architects flocked to join from all over the country: something remarkable seeing that public architectural offices had previously been regarded as places to go to if you just wanted a safe routine job.

Since then the department has built up not only a great reputation but an enormous fund of experience and expertise. Now all this enlightened activity is to come to an end, if the reorganization of London's government that has just been announced goes forward as planned.

Too Many Overlapping Authorities

I am not concerned here with the political rights and wrongs of the decision to do away with the L.C.C. I will only say that some kind of reorganization was due. It was becoming more and more evident that too many overlapping authorities were involved in the administration of London, and that the area included when the county of London was created in 1888 was far too small. London, as we know it, extends into several other counties and needs dealing with as a single region.

Enlargement of scope and a simplified administration are therefore the two things needed, and in general the new set-up promises to provide them—except in the sphere of architecture. I have the impression that the Royal Commission on whose report the Government is acting simply failed to understand the architectural implications of what it was recommending.

Since the present London County Council is to be dismantled, its Architect's Department will come to an end, and the proposal seems to be that such things as housing and schools, which constitute the bulk of the present Architect's Department's work, should become the responsibility of the individual metropolitan boroughs. Some of the present boroughs are to be combined, and some borough boundaries altered, to give a minimum population of 100,000 and a population in most cases of about 200,000. This brings me to my first criticism of the new architectural set-up. The population even of the proposed enlarged boroughs is far too small to support a first-rate architectural office.

It is about the same as that of a middle-sized provincial town—say Southampton or Swansea or Sunderland—and we know from experience how second-rate the buildings put up by towns of this size are. I am making no specific criticisms of these particular towns. They are no worse than dozens of others. The truth is that with few exceptions—and they are places with rather larger populations, like Coventry and Sheffield—the standard of local authority architecture everywhere in Britain is poor and doesn't approach that of the L.C.C. And I may add that—again with hardly an exception—the present London boroughs are no better.

It is true that most of these—provincial towns and London

boroughs alike—have no city or borough architect; the buildings are designed by junior architectural assistants in the surveyor's or engineer's departments, and sometimes even by surveyors without any architectural qualifications. But can we be sure that the new London boroughs will all set up properly qualified architects' departments? Even if they do, they will be too small to employ first-rate architects at the head of them. The L.C.C. has the scope and resources to pay top salaries and get the best men. Some of the leading architects in the country have at one time or another held the post of architect to the L.C.C. And apart from this there are not at the moment enough really good architects to go round. If borough architects' departments were set up and the money available to appoint first-class men to lead them, the men would not be forthcoming.

Benefits from Accumulated Experience

Those are reasons why a borough of 200,000 population almost certainly will not produce good architecture. There are even more important reasons why—however well-qualified its staff—it simply cannot produce architecture of the range and quality the L.C.C. has been producing lately. Because this can only result in a department with enormous resources and an enormous quantity of work passing constantly through it. Apart from the salary and status that it is then possible to give to the senior architects, a large quantity of work allows a fund of experience to be built up so that each new project can benefit from the lessons learnt in previous ones. It happens that the two types of work local authority architects are specially concerned with—housing and schools—are the types that benefit most from accumulated experience of this kind.

One of the important things about the L.C.C. has been the development work that has gone on continuously in the Architect's Department which, once again, is big enough to carry some staff not engaged on actual building. More and more large architectural offices have lately been setting up development groups, following the example of Hertfordshire County Council, the Ministry of Education, and the L.C.C., and the importance of such groups is being increasingly recognized. They engage themselves on research into needs and means, in working out new ideas and new technical methods of achieving them, using as their raw material the data and experience obtained from the mass of work passing through the office. Many of the most significant advances in current housing and school building practice have come from the work of such development groups.

But a small office such as that of a middle-sized city or an average county—to say nothing of a London borough—cannot afford to support a development group, nor has it the work to feed it with ideas and experience. That is why the very successful CLASP organization was set up a few years ago by several counties, led by Nottinghamshire, pooling their resources. They produced an advanced and economical method of prefabricating schools, which was economical only because of the size of the combined authority using it. The primary school that won the main prize for Britain at last year's Milan Triennale was a standard CLASP school.

The SCOLA Organization

Following the success of CLASP, a similar organization called SCOLA has just been set up by four other counties, also for research, development and the more economical construction of schools. And after schools, housing: three northern cities, Sheffield, Leeds, and Hull, announced recently a joint development group to deal with housing in a similar way. Again, when the building needs of the War Office were recently put in the hands of a civilian department, and Donald Gibson, the moving spirit behind CLASP, was made Director of Works there, he at once set up a development group, which has made the new War Office building projects among the most interesting and progressive in the country. It seems tragic that just at the moment when these development groups are establishing themselves as among the most valuable techniques of modern architectural practice, and when public offices are grouping together in order to become large enough to support them, the L.C.C. Architect's Department, one of the leaders in the field, should face fragmentation of a kind that will make this technique no longer possible.



Wall decoration by Antony Hollaway on a staircase in the L.C.C.'s Brandon housing estate, Southwark
London County Council

It is not only the cost and quality of architecture we have to worry about; it is also the quantity. At present we are all concerned about housing shortages. The remedy is to build more quickly, which means making the best use of up-to-date methods, such as the prefabrication of large wall units, which are being successfully used already in half the European countries. The L.C.C. is making experiments in this direction, but it is another thing that can be done only by a housing authority with large resources and by architects handling many jobs at a time, organized to experiment and to improve techniques as they go along, which a London borough could not possibly do on its own.

Moreover, good architecture is not a thing by itself; it depends on good territorial planning and control of the use of land. The brave new London we have been dreaming about since the end of the war has been a long time coming. What fragmentary instalments of it we have been given we owe to the planning and architectural work of the L.C.C. Further progress depends on the large operation, on a single London government being given a chance of building to a single plan; it cannot be created by splitting responsibility up among a number of boroughs.

It is true that among the new government proposals is a Greater London Council, to be responsible for the larger of London's administrative needs, including town-planning, but the separation of town-planning from architecture is almost bound to be disastrous. At present the L.C.C. architect is also the planning officer, but the idea for the future is that some of the planning department's functions are to be delegated to the enlarged boroughs along with the architecture. The boroughs, for example, are to handle applications for planning consent in their area, which concern height, shape, purpose, and siting of the building for which consent is asked. How such decisions are to be taken independently of the general planning of London no one seems yet to have worked out.

Can we now be more positive and suggest what ought to be done? I have said that the large area the Greater London Council is now to control is an improvement on the much smaller area the L.C.C. controls; whether it is big enough for proper regional planning is doubtful, but that is another story. I have also said that good architecture, such as we now get from the L.C.C., we can continue to get only from a large organization. So somehow architectural policies, the development of planning and building techniques, and the maintenance of architectural standards must continue to be centralized. But this need not prevent a good deal of responsibility being given to the boroughs

if that is what the Government wants—and there is something to be said for it if it will help to maintain local character and encourage local morale. The boroughs could work out what they want and get a central architectural authority to realize it for them—acting in fact as the central authority's clients. On the other hand, if they are willing to set up their own properly qualified architects' departments they could, without too much danger of loss of quality, do much of their own building, as long as they have the research and development services of the central authority at their disposal, and as long as they work within the framework the authority sets up. By some such means co-ordination could be ensured and London could avoid the necessity of throwing away all the expertise and experience the L.C.C. has accumulated.

But the architectural authority would have also to undertake projects of its own, because there are urgently needed schemes of urban renewal—such as the rebuilding

of Piccadilly Circus—which are far beyond the scope of individual boroughs. A central architectural authority, closely linked with the central planning authority, could be given power and finance to carry out such schemes—and by doing so could set the pace for the smaller authorities.

The L.C.C.'s recent achievements have been possible only because it had behind it one of the world's largest and most experienced social and administrative machines. One advantage of this is that it allows the architects to concentrate on their proper job; but, at the same time, when building for purposes like housing and education, architects need the inspiration of a coherent social objective. This is where the strength of the present L.C.C. lies: in its close integration of social, administrative, territorial, and architectural planning. It is absolutely essential, in my view, that this should be carried over into the new administration the Government is planning for London.

—Third Programme

A Certain Man

Coming down Ridgeway Hill, the charging wind
Dislodging slate suns from the cliffs of air,
I saw a stranger by disaster pinned
In blood and granite to the roadway there.

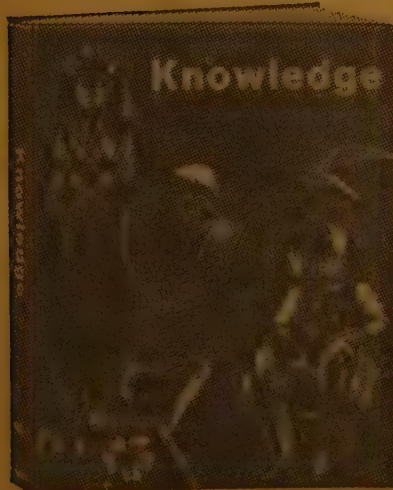
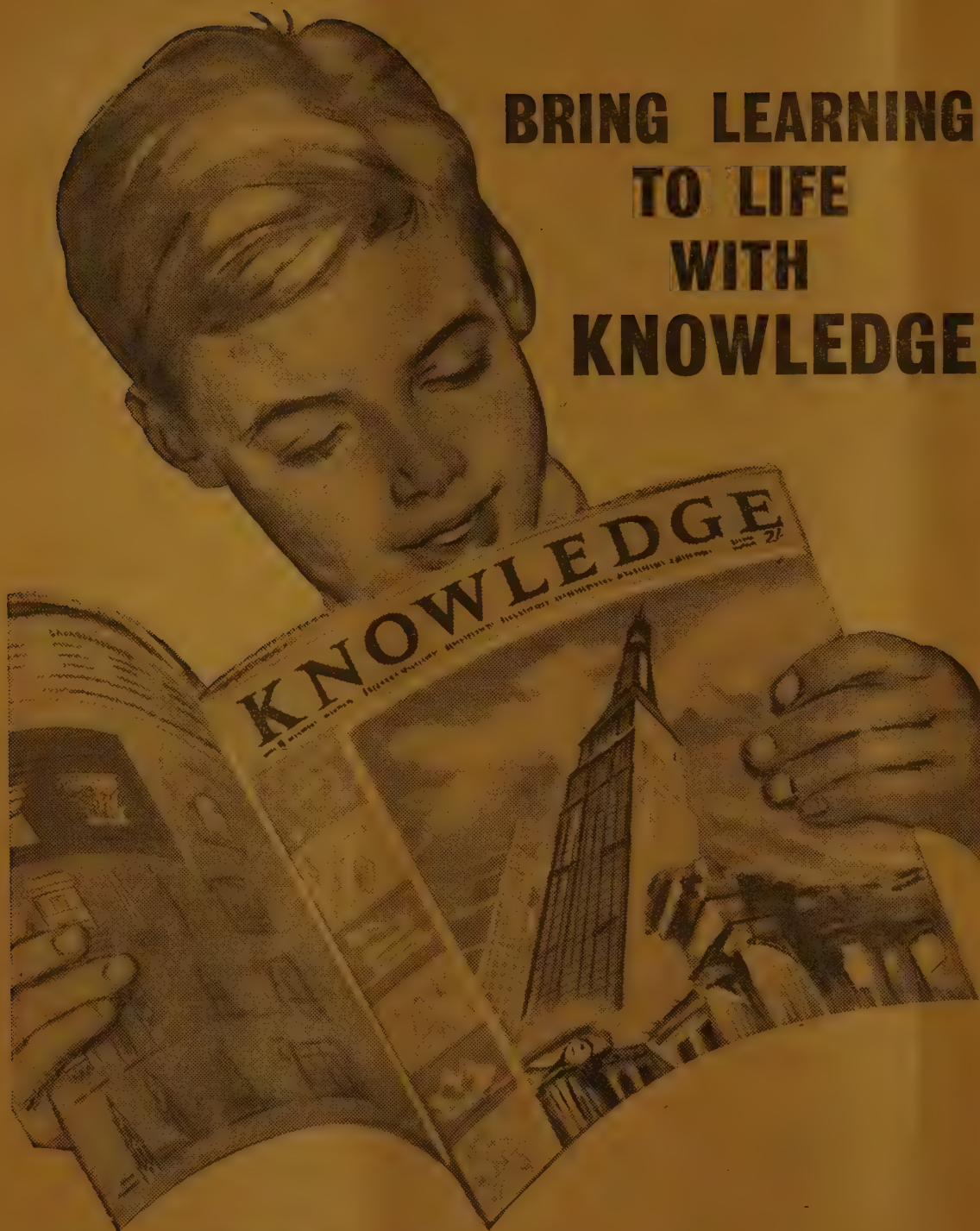
His palms of silver bled with burning light.
Roses of blood broke at his throat, his thighs.
The scarlet insect of his tongue blazed bright.
The tall fly trudged the forest of his eyes.

His head as some sea-dug Apollo's held
Upon my knees, I scooped his coins of breath,
Watched where the reef of wounds with water welled,
Drowning his nakedness with decent death.

'Tell me your name that I may now provide
Your parable with wine and oil and bread'.
'I am the Good Samaritan', he cried,
Caught at my clutch of swords, my fingers red.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

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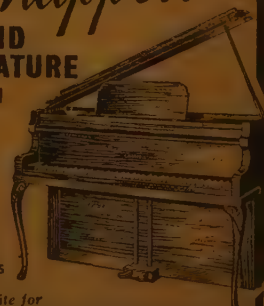
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The Theological Atheist

A reassessment of Ludwig Feuerbach by B. M. G. REARDON

Mr. B. M. G. Reardon is Rector of Parham, Pulborough, Sussex

LUDWIG FEUERBACH is a thinker who nowadays is not rated highly. If we remember him at all it is only for the preponderant influence which he exerted on a man far bigger than himself. One may ask whether to be a great influence is not itself a kind of greatness and whether in this particular instance conventional judgment has not undervalued a man whose pedantry has unfortunately come near to concealing his genuine originality. For the fact that Feuerbach is a sort of bridge between two of the most powerful intellectual constructions which the nineteenth century has to offer—Hegelianism and Marxism—should not blind us to the possibility of his own ideas being in some respects an advance upon both; less rigid, that is, and more capable of varied application and development.

'Perfecting' Religion

Feuerbach's connexion with Marxism has made us forget how essentially theological his whole outlook was. As Engels complains, he by no means sought to abolish religion but to perfect it. Philosophy itself was to be absorbed in religion. 'The periods of humanity', Feuerbach wrote, 'are distinguished only by religious changes. A historical movement is fundamental only when it is rooted in the heart of man . . . The heart is the essence of religion'. And yet we always think of him as—except for Marx himself—the arch-atheist of his age. To sharpen the paradox, the arch-atheist—if I may so call him—of ours, Karl Barth, has gone out of his way to insist that the attitude of this 'anti-theologian' is actually more theological than that of many theologians, and that certainly no philosopher of his own time penetrated the existing theological situation as effectively as he did and that few had ever spoken with such pertinence.

In this verdict I believe Barth to be entirely right. Like Kierkegaard, Feuerbach is more than a merely nineteenth-century figure. His shadow falls across the intellectual scene of the twentieth, for he is almost as direct an ancestor of Heidegger's or Sartre's existentialism as he is of Marxist communism.

Whatever Feuerbach's place in the general history of philosophy—and nowadays, except among Marxists, post-Hegelianism enjoys no one's favour—his contribution to the philosophy of religion, and in particular to the philosophical understanding of Christianity, is, I personally consider, something to be taken seriously. I would even claim that his best-known work, *The Essence of Christianity*, which George Eliot translated into English as long ago as 1854, is the most perceptive study of the nature of Christian belief from a non-supernaturalistic standpoint ever to have been attempted. Beside it a good deal of our recent discussion about the logical status of theological propositions appears jejune and formalistic. For what Feuerbach rightly is concerned with—and he himself was remarkably well read in the classical literature of the Christian faith—is not what such propositions purport to say but what they should be taken to mean.

Foundation of the Argument

The foundation of his argument is the distinction he draws between religion and theology. Religion is a necessary aspect of man's moral being, a permanent possession which not even a scientific civilization can afford to dispense with. But it is possible for religion to be killed by its own dogma. Indeed for real religion—an implicitly held, imaginatively conceived, and practically effective belief, that is—modern Christendom has substituted, he maintains, only an apparent religion—an objectively definable 'faith' capable of being imparted to the ignorant and indiscriminating multitude. But the historic creeds and confessions are no

more than a collection of verbal symbols whose former power over the human spirit has largely vanished. So what Feuerbach sets out to do is to turn the minds of his readers away from such illusory signs to the truth behind them—away from a mythological 'transcendence', the representations of which are in any case drawn only from terrestrial experience, to a real and intelligible 'immanence'—namely, the life of man himself in its fullest dimension of depth. His purpose, he says, is to change 'the friends of God into friends of man, believers into thinkers, worshippers into workers, candidates for the other world into students of this world, Christians, who on their own confession are half-animal and half-angel, into new men—whole men'. This is not the denial of religion but its affirmation. The task can only be accomplished however by getting rid of an otiose theology and replacing it with an empirically based anthropology. 'Instead', he tells us, 'of sterile baptismal water I put the beneficent effects of real water'.

Man is what he eats: *der Mensch ist was er isst*. And certainly one can only be a philosopher by being a man, since it is he, not the Ego, or Reason, who thinks. But what exactly is man? He is not an isolated unit; he exists only in community, only in the oneness of the humanity he shares with his neighbour. And this oneness of 'I' and 'Thou' is what we really mean by God. In it the pride of egoism is destroyed, self-alienation overcome, reconciliation—the aim of all religion—achieved. View the traditional Christian creed in this light and the authentic character and purpose of theology become manifest. God as the epitome of all realities and perfections is nothing other than a compendious summary devised for the limited individual, the quintessence, in Feuerbach's own words, of 'the generic human qualities distributed among men, in the self-realization of the species in the course of world history'. Hence the Christian dogmas are to be interpreted as the archaic figures of a still continuing experience.

An Intellectual Puzzle

Clearly what we have here is a radical form of what is nowadays called demythologizing. Christian theology as it has come down to us through the ages is an intellectual puzzle the solution of which is a matter for history and psychology; and what it signifies can be meaningfully expressed only in terms of moral attitudes. A pre-scientific 'age of faith' could take the symbolism literally, just as it took the Bible literally; but for us that is impossible. Christianity as a metaphysical problem can never be unravelled because the mythological element embedded in it ensures that it can never be stated without contradictions.

At present the word 'demythologizing' is used almost exclusively of the opinions and arguments of the eminent scholar and theologian who coined it. I am not myself aware of the extent to which Bultmann might knowingly have taken his cues from Feuerbach. But what in his view, no doubt rightly, will have to be the interpretative project of a whole generation of thinkers was accomplished in all its outlines by the author of *The Essence of Christianity*; for his work anticipates in striking fashion not only Bultmann's own views but still more those of Bultmann's extremer left-wing critics and competitors, Kamlah and Fritz Büri.

In fact the reader quickly discovers in Feuerbach the complete programme of a system of Christian doctrine in which each item becomes, point by point, the symbol of a purely humanistic evaluation: the love and suffering of God, the mystery of the Trinity, the Logos-concept, the Virgin Mary, the dogma of creation *ex nihilo*, the biblical miracles, the *Imago Dei*, and the hope of immortality. Take, for example, what might be thought the central Christian belief, that 'God is love'. It means, in Feuerbach's understanding of it, the love that satisfies our deepest longings. God, he says, is Himself 'the realized desire of the

heart, lifted up to the certainty of its fulfilment and validity, to that undoubting certainty before which no contrary claim of the intellect, no objection coming from external experience, can stand'. In the idea of an infinitely loving Father we have simply (but nothing less than) the essence of human feeling—that unlimited, pure feeling which is its own object', an unutterable sigh, lying in the depths of the heart—a view which, surely, has more in it of the true spirit of religious aspiration and dependence than the rather prosaic moralism of Professor R. B. Braithwaite's exhortation to 'an agapeistic way of life'.

Dogma of the Incarnation

So, too, with the dogma of the incarnation: what in principle does it mean? The theological answer is that God made himself human—in the words of St. Augustine—in order that man might become divine: *Deus homo factus est ut homo Deus fieret*. Here, as Feuerbach rightly stresses, is the focal point of the Christian creed. Yet as traditionally stated it involves not merely a 'mystery', as this term is commonly used by theologians, but a contradiction due to the confusion of a metaphysical Absolute with a mythological Deity.

We may conceive the divine either as an abstract entity—though this Feuerbach believes to be really without meaning—or else as a Brocken-spectre projection of humanity, but not as both, and not within the framework of a single doctrinal scheme. He prefers to see it as an attempt to realize the human form of a God who already in his nature—'in the profoundest depths of his soul'—is a merciful and therefore a human God. So Christ becomes the reflection of our humanity in its oneness. If you like, he is our own consciousness of our unity. Whoever loves man for the sake of man is *ipso facto* a Christian. Nay, he is 'Christ himself', a conclusion which Feuerbach draws in all seriousness and humility.

Traditional Christianity has never had to meet a more formidable argument, because Feuerbach explains the Christian experience without necessarily explaining it away. On the contrary, so far from dismissing it as an illusion he recognizes it to be both real and important. He aims conscientiously to preserve what is of essential worth in the Christian religion from the mounting *débris* of its theological systems; and he does this, not on the old-fashioned liberal principle of detaching supposedly credible doctrines from others supposedly incredible, but by treating them all—the Marian dogma included—on purely *existential* lines as the most splendid attempt man has ever made to comprehend himself, his nature, and his destiny. In this Feuerbach plainly anticipates the efforts of some modern existentialists who also might profess and call themselves Christians while rejecting orthodox Christianity entirely. Neither he nor they, however, wish to reject what may loosely (and doubtless ambiguously) be called the Christian 'values', without which indeed man may well appear as, in Sartre's famous expression, *une passion inutile*; or even worse, as the soulless mechanism that he sometimes actually seems to want to become. In fact Feuerbach, as I see him, stands firmly in the line of thought which extends from Luther to Schleiermacher, Ritschl and Harnack. (Nietzsche always contended that German philosophy was soaked in theology and that the professor's gown could not disguise the figure of the parish pastor.) The *Wesen*—the essence—of Christianity for Feuerbach is something psychological and moral: a faith-attitude. But it looks—and here is the difference—not to the transcendent Object of the creed but to the subjective experience of the believer.

The Gospel Truth

This is a far more uncompromising doctrine than Bultmann's. Bultmann unflinchingly demythologizes, until he reaches that inner heart of Christian belief which he identifies with the *kerygma*, the gospel truth. Thus he remains, in the most vital matter, on the near side of orthodoxy and would maintain, again with all orthodox theology, that the validity of the religious experience depends on its possessing a transcendent ground the existence of which faith posits and philosophy, for what it is worth, varyingly depicts. In other words, there is no religion without the polarity of a continuous relationship between two

'real' beings—God and man; and our theologies are, for better or worse, no more than attempts to describe it. But this polarity—if God himself is at all that Christianity holds him to be—is also *paradox*, and of a kind that Bultmann (though he urges us to beware of false paradoxes) readily accepts. Feuerbach, on the other hand, resolves the paradox by suppressing one of its terms. Nevertheless what Christian teachers have so often stressed is that faith is not a speculative understanding of a Reality which, despite 'revelation', is always wholly other, but the acknowledgment of it as an existential fact. For the *how* of belief is more important than the *what*.

Feuerbach, in emphasizing the divinity of man, at once sends us back to the tradition of Christian thinking which finds in the incarnation alone any really comprehensible expression of what God and his purposes are. This 'incarnationalist' type of doctrine—to be culled from almost every page of so very orthodox a teacher as our own Henry Scott Holland, for example—urges that the divine for us must mean the vision of a new humanity. And I take it that in concerning themselves with the 'Jesus of history' as the true fount of faith the liberal theologians imply much the same thing. Those who object to Christianity for fastening its gaze on some wholly trans-historical Beyond overlook an ancient, deep, and persisting strain within it which points in almost the opposite direction. It is a strain which Feuerbach himself—and Marx following him—gravely underrated but which a good deal of modern theology, stimulated in part at least by Feuerbach's religious humanism, has once again brought to the fore.

Down-to-earth Materialism

The author of *The Essence of Christianity* also made it possible to disengage religion from the class-structure in which it had become embedded over the centuries. His down-to-earth materialism at once shatters the hierarchical, King-of-Heaven image which portrays God as an autocratic potentate or a super-squire—as perhaps too that of the celestial professor of philosophy dear to the bourgeois intellectual. For that, surely, all Christians are in Feuerbach's debt. As Karl Barth asks: could the Church, earlier than Marx, have said and shown in practice that the very knowledge of God inherently and powerfully involves and engenders a liberation from all idols and pseudo-personifications?

Feuerbach has of course his shallows, as critics like Kierkegaard or Max Stirner were prompt to point out. The foundation of the Christian experience is that man is not God but *faces* God; and until he realizes this truth he cannot see himself as the creature he is. Yet Feuerbach understood that no 'truth' can be communicated or even stated unless in the context of human existence, the homely here-and-now of which the central mystery of the Christian creed is the abiding symbol. That is why he is still theologically important.—*Third Programme*

The Shells

I have the shells now in a leather box—
Limpets and cowries, ones like hands spread out.
Lifeless they are yet bear the weight of doubt
And of desire with all its hidden shocks.

Once, as a child, I might have pressed the shell
Close to my ear and thought I heard the sea.
Now I hear absence sighing quietly.
I am the one who makes and pulls the bell.

You gathered these and so they bear your print.
I cannot see it, yet the simply knowing
That you have marked these shells keeps my love growing.
Passion can hide in any lifeless hint.

A sentiment perhaps, yet every gift
Carries the weight of all we did not do.
The shells are fragments and the fragments few,
But you still sound in what the shells have left.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

The Royal Academy's Winter Exhibition

By QUENTIN BELL

THINGS are pretty grim up at Coketown this winter. The Alderman Gradgrind Museum and Art Gallery, which used to boast of one really important picture, has now shed that solitary jewel from its crown; it is away, up in London at the Burlington House Exhibition entitled 'Primitives to Picasso' together with the cream of our other provincial galleries, there to surfeit the jaded appetites of those spoilt cockneys. Don't imagine that it was sacrificed without a pang, or that it was much fun filling the vacant space with a Briton Rivière. For the wealthier cities it may have been easy enough, but of these there are only a few.

Nevertheless the complaints—I will begin with the complaints and dispose of them—the complaints, I say, will be based upon a prouder vein of local patriotism. 'Why', it will be asked, 'did they not take our splendid Gainsborough instead of that rubbishy Stubbs?' I myself could have told the organizers where they might have found a capital Fuseli and a very good Terry Frost, neither of whom are represented. More seriously, I am sorry that the Camden Town painters should be represented only by one Spencer Gore and a Gilman which gives little idea of his genius; for here the provinces are particularly wealthy.

This is all very ungrateful, for this exhibition is really a great treat and a grand affair; the organizers are to be congratulated, they have found plenty of surprising and beautiful things and they have arranged them very well. Just to show how grand an affair it is, and because I was once rather beastly and perhaps a little unfair about this picture, I am illustrating this article with the Glasgow Giorgione. Not that I am going to write about this or any of those other works that, quite obviously, you must go to see at Burlington House: Liverpool's Ercole di Roberti, the Cézannes, the Seurat, and the Bonnard from Glasgow, the Bristol Pietro da Cortona and her Giovanni Bellini, nor even the Greco from Barnard Castle or the *fauve* Derain from Leeds. Such an enumeration will, surely, be enough to give you a notion of the standards that prevail; but the charm of this exhibition lies in the opportunities that it gives for making discoveries. Therefore I would like to speak of three paintings which may be unfamiliar to many readers.

First, and best known I fancy, Salvator Rosa's 'St. John the Baptist in the Wilderness', which is usually at Kelvingrove. It is a big picture and one of the most intensely gloomy landscapes ever painted: not that it shows any sad convulsion of nature but that its frozen leaden colours strike a chill into the heart. Salvator's twisted, shaggy trees ascend in mournful agony against his cold white and dead blue sky; in the middle distance his rocks tumble in melancholy confusion across the scene and the only

touch of vivid—I should say lurid—colour is to be found in the silver, puce, sharp blue and still sharper yellow robes of a few distressed sojourners in the wilderness. The picture is simply but very effectively united by a series of short vigorous horizontals formed by the frayed clouds, the foliage of trees, the angles of rocks, the indicative arm of a traveller, and the planes of stagnant water. Altogether a dramatic, splendid and horribly discomfiting piece of work which, though I have attempted to describe it in

formal terms, strikes one above all as an essay in elegiac feeling.

One could not, as they say, 'live' with the Salvator, whereas 'Many Happy Returns of the Day' by Frith—the chief glory of Harrogate Art Gallery—is an eminently domesticated work; perhaps it is sometimes easier to cohabit with talent than with genius. I don't want to try to make too much of Frith's talent; but it is real enough. In looking at this picture, begin not by considering the cheerfully animated dinner table that holds the centre of the canvas, but the gasolier above and the relationship of



'The Adulteress brought before Christ' by Giorgione

its three globes to the four rectangular pictures on the wall behind it. Regard it as a piece of aesthetic geometry and you will find that it has all the qualities of a good abstract picture. Then observe the wholly satisfying relationship of these forms to the pattern of shapes below and the manner in which, through carefully broken areas of light and shade, these carry a gentle serpentine movement across the picture space. It is hard to apply the methods of formal analysis to such a work. Like all Frith's best pictures it has that odd intensity of colour, that bright distinctiveness, which one finds when one looks through the wrong end of an opera glass, and the clarity is there, manifestly, for anecdotal purposes. The coy little girl framed within her birthday wreath, the multitude of toys, the other children raising and draining their glasses, the smooth Victorian hair and smooth Victorian faces, the crinolines and the side-whiskers are all treated with good-painterly feeling, but that feeling is, itself, no more than an intense expression of prosperous domestic felicity. It is best, perhaps, simply to repeat Ruskin's criticism: '... much, it seems to me, above Mr. Frith's former standard', to which he adds: 'One is only sorry to see any fair little child having too many and too kind friends, and in so great danger of being toasted, toyed and wreathed into selfishness and misery'. How right he was, for clearly the whole nursery will be sozzled by nightfall. In fairness one must also add the artist's own comment: 'One of the worst pictures I ever painted'.

Salvator to some extent and Frith altogether defeat the critical methods of our age. Nicolas Regnier can be examined at any level. His Saint Sebastian, lying dead before the spectator, and the two attendant women are treated with all the faithful

naturalism of the seventeenth century; the morbid grace of the young man's body, the splendid impudence with which the ladies exhibit their fine clothes and fine bosoms, are stated with consummately irreverent science. But there is nothing shocking in the design. Take a pencil and describe the outlines of the figures, first observing how completely they form a closed figure within the dark space of the picture, and you will find that the drawing flows easily and naturally into a pattern of related curves, each springing logically and with an air of fine inevitability from the rest. It is wonderful drawing. The picture needs attention; there are blues grown well nigh green with varnish, reds and carnations that need to be brought to life. When it is cleaned a visit to the Ferens Art Gallery in Hull would be rewarding.

A Self-Portrait

LARRY RIVERS gives the first of two autobiographical talks

SINCE this is going to be about me, I will introduce myself. When I say myself, I mean what interests me, what irritates me, what bores me, what can never satisfy me, my immediate responses, my reflective ones, my history, and so forth. And I am going to take advantage of some undirected spleen to carry this through.

It seems easier for me to get going by talking about what irritates me and bores me first. My history, my work, my responses can wait; for immediately I am thinking of a catalogue for an exhibition I was invited to take part in called—of all things—'New Directions'. In this catalogue were a number of inspirational and infuriating paragraphs, in *The New York Times's* 'let's light up a pipe and think' tradition. Here is an especially invigorating one:

In Non-Objective painting the tendency is for the artist to be too self-conscious and too much concerned with how the painted surface will look. As a result, he is apt to force himself into a style rather than paint what he really wants to. To the contrary, if he accepts subject matter, he will become absorbed in the total process of painting because enthusiasm for the subject allows aesthetic qualities such as colour and composition to evolve more naturally. Thus, through the use of subjects, real or imagined, the natural development of a painting rather than a record of a formal self-consciousness seems more possible.

Although I understand the difficulties involved in writing a foreword for a catalogue, what I must straighten out now and forever and for everybody is this: only for the primitive and the semantically misinformed can enthusiasm for subject matter be the inspiration for painting.

The roundness of a bright, yellow grapefruit may make me happy for a few moments as I examine it, and its juice satisfies my thirst. I may find engrossing the genetic history and refrigeration, which finally makes it as large as it is and on my table; but for myself, the colour you are going to choose and where you are going to put it on the surface and the way you put it—they are the initial but absolutely necessary circumstances for meaning, and you don't even have to love it. Cézanne's apples, too famous by now, are barely about the living fruit. The paintings are more about the clarity of Cézanne's mind, his discretion. In passing, it is about nature; its strength is its order, its silence. Sixty years after he died we see he loved the Old Masters more than his tablecloth.

Obviously love of some sort moves us finally to end up in front of a canvas, but what you love becomes clear only as you proceed, only as you see—and the procedure is not natural and hardly ever feels right. Painting was never natural. It only becomes natural after it is invented and used and digested and discarded and finally filters down as a cliché to be used by those who remove themselves from the conflicts it takes to make a work of art, today, here. You don't have to be enthusiastic about yellow to spread it generously over the surface. Do you love stones? There is a window, break it. I cannot even say that I love painting.

I should perhaps have chosen a modern picture for discussion; but there are fewer discoveries to be made here. Let me therefore say something of the moderns in general: the exhibits here show that the provincial directors are showing initiative and imagination; their committees are, perhaps, beginning to learn wisdom. Two years ago I concluded a series of articles in *THE LISTENER* on some of the main provincial galleries by saying that they ought to have more staff, the staff ought to be better paid, and they ought to have the chance to use their abilities to the full. There ought to be more money for the provincial galleries, not only from rates but from the Exchequer. I gladly repeat those words; I wish that someone more persuasive and influential than I am would do likewise.

There are four elements that ultimately determine quality and meaning in painting. Three I have mentioned. That is, one, the colour you choose and how much; two, where you put it; three, in what manner. The fourth is outside of you, and in its ambiguity lies the nagging sensation of never really knowing that will follow you as long as the need to identify with painting exists, and that is life. Life, however dimensional you make the word: the physical world comprehended through the senses; one part of it nature, another man-made; culture—define it any way you wish—the social institutions, exposure to art, erroneous notions mixed with some accurate ones of history, the private struggle with semantics and meaning; Mother, Father, Uncle Dave, the size of your infant crib; everything, but everything, as it moves through the individual, depositing mountainous amounts of material, adding and destroying and organizing on new bases as it passes through, creating associations, memory, and passion, and all those uncontrollable elements embodied in either yourself or the observer of a painting, that finally transform the obvious physical appearances into sensations and 'spiritual' significance.

If Miro's 'The Farmyard' is for you a chicken coop or enthusiasm for farm life, that is the pinpoint of your culture. It is not wrong; it is just the limits of your mind. If it is the energetic dispersal of colour, you are sitting behind another fence. It offers a little more protection today but you are still somewhere; of that there is no doubt. The bowing of a cello is a giant bee in the corner of the summer house. Is it? Van Gogh laboured to make a yellow cornfield. He gave us the stalks, the air, the sky. Seventy-five years later the accumulative labour of a few marvellous painters, and many less than marvellous, allows me in the presence of just enough yellow and just so much off-white in relation to it to experience a similar sensation. I don't need the stalks. I was never interested in corn, not even to eat it. His sky can never be the sky. Seventy-five years ago you had to go to the well to get water. Today you turn the tap. Is it any the less sweet? Any the less water? Thank your grandparents and parents for what they did, but stay out of the covered wagon, you are blocking the highway.

I am overstating the case, for I want to make unmistakably clear the sentimentality in the idea that love or enthusiasm for subject matter is a natural way, a better way, as it will not lead you down the road to excessive self-conscious interest in the painted surface. I want to emphasize that this is a false choice between simple, homey interest in things, and worldly, bad over-emphasis on surface and style. Do not make it easy for yourself: not only doesn't the choice exist, you aren't even in a position to choose. And the other wide happy highway to visual glory, abstract painting, is still another over-simplification of choice. Better we get rid of these dead bodies; perhaps we can resurrect something with a nastier, but more precise, quality of meat on it. I am not sure how I will produce this but I know I now want to move in another direction. I will set out to introduce myself again, a little differently.

I am thirty-eight years old, giving me at this moment a particular point of view on my birth and another on my death. I am a native New Yorker; I literally grew up in the streets of what was much less inhabited in those days—the Bronx. From about the age of six until I was ten years old I went to the zoo four or five times a week. I loved the big cats more than any other animal. I used to trail behind men until they dropped their cigarettes and then I'd pick them up and smoke them. My parents are from Poland, which was Russia before the first world war. They are no more or less interesting than the peasants who lived and worked in the same area. In conformity with the times, I was spanked, but not too much. The only thing in our house resembling art was a cheap tapestry with dark figures, a cross between a Fragonard and a Minsky stripper, popular in some dining-rooms of the nineteen-twenties, and a five- and ten-cent store 8-by 10 reproduction of a very Spanish señorita holding a flower just above an exposed breast, and, to make matters worse, it followed us from one apartment to another and always across the moulding on the wall. But, mind you, when I took my mother to her first exhibition of paintings after her having had such a profound dining-room experience in art, she told me which were good paintings and which were very bad, with a strong voice that never showed for one moment that I could have thought her an innocent but none the less complete idiot.

So if I have inherited natural bad taste, that is in talking about my parent in that way, it is at least compounded with an obnoxious sense of who I am. My father played the violin, but let's clear that up. He played Polish and Russian dances like the mazurka, the polka, and the kozochka; and teaching me some accompaniments on the piano which could be mastered easily, he did away with my interest in the more complex aspects of the instrument. I cannot think of anything my mother and father did

which, if I had had the chance, I would do. Anything! No matter, if I did it I'd then be them. Oh death. I praise them for passing on to me their strength, their natural physical endurance, and dumb animal concentration. Without it I'd be lost.

So much in the making of art is energy, energy to get up, to sustain your anger, to convince yourself of your worth somehow; energy to keep the mind going through a barrage of endless interruptions. For example: 'Just how much mention of an arm in charcoal will be too much? What is too much? Do I really want it at all? Was the red paint on the brush meant for the left-hand corner?'—after I've received a call from some Detroit doctor whose wife wants to come around and buy a painting and never even shows up. 'Isn't it really time to make a sandwich from the chicken we cooked last night? Barnett Newman will really hate this one. Would it be worse if someone who paints like that liked it? I think before my next painting I'm going to paint the canvas purple, so that the areas which I have no particular interest to animate will at least have a colour aside from the white of the canvas, which is beginning to bore me. I know I am the serene nephew of Arshile Gorky. Once more, do I like this all-over completely raw umber painting with only a four-inch grey slab that de Kooning says looks mysterious and interesting, but took twelve-and-a-half minutes to paint—five minutes before a 'phone call and seven-and-one-half after, plus one hour in the stretching of the canvas?'

It is really time now for lunch; and from my balcony I look down into my studio chewing on the chicken. And if Franz Kline decided he wanted to put a foot or face somewhere, he could have done one part of the picture. But who helped him? Whose work do I really like? Are the differences a matter of generations? Finish your sandwich and get down there and do something. Whose voice was that? . . .—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Social Change in England

Sir,—Mr. Peter Laslett (THE LISTENER, January 4) states that 'No one in the middle class, however defined, except perhaps the London clubman, can be shown to have suffered a decline in his standards of comfort and convenience in England in the twentieth century'.

To aid his researches into social change could one of his friends in the middle class (however defined) invite him to join him in the washing up? Or is leisure not included under 'comfort and convenience'? Or am I unique (outside London clubs and Oxbridge colleges) in having to do my own household chores, of which washing up is the least arduous? The change is for the better, in my opinion, but surely it can be acknowledged.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

F. J. WOODWARD

Sir,—In the first of his three talks on 'Social change in England' (THE LISTENER, December 28) Mr. Peter Laslett said that the abolition of poverty 'went quite quickly, between the late nineteen-thirties and the late nineteen-forties, as part of the foundation and functioning of the welfare state'.

The welfare state was not fully established until the late nineteen-forties, and it would therefore have been something of a miracle if it had abolished the poverty of the decade as a mere part of its beneficent work.

Mr. Laslett himself had previously said that unemployment was the cause of poverty in the nineteen-thirties. It would be logical to assume, therefore, that it was employment which abolished it—and this, of course, is correct. Though the truth may be unpalatable, poverty was abolished by the war which (as wars do) brought a measure of inflation and full employment.

We have enjoyed full employment since the war ended, but its

continuance is still something of a mystery. A return to unemployment was expected when the war ended—indeed, Lord Beveridge based the unemployment insurance proposals in his social welfare scheme on a maximum of 10 per cent. of unemployment, a figure which, happily, has never even been approached.

What many people, including, apparently, Mr. Laslett, fail to appreciate is that the welfare of the welfare state depends upon the general prosperity of the country. If we were ever to suffer once more the mass unemployment of the inter-war period, the welfare state could not prevent a return to mass poverty.

Yours, etc.,

Esher

GEORGE MURRAY

David Hume as a Historian

Sir,—Mr. Trevor-Roper's admirable observations upon David Hume's historical writings (THE LISTENER, December 28) only partially atone for his unwarranted and Buckle-inspired statement that the eighteenth-century Enlightenment in Scotland represents 'the triumph of lay reason over clerical bigotry', and that 'In Scotland they [the bigots] were the ministers of the "whiggamore" Kirk; therefore the Scottish Enlightenment was a tory movement'.

It is of course a fact that Hume was harried by the Popular Party in the Kirk, and that his (largely academic) 'toryism' isolated him from the majority of his countrymen. He was nevertheless defended, and befriended, by the leaders of the dominant Moderate Party, who were themselves torchbearers of 'Enlightenment' in Scotland, but cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called 'tory'.

Buckle's naïve belief that the Scots were a priest-ridden people until their emancipation in the eighteenth century can be

countered by the view that the ministers of the Kirk were (and perhaps still are) a people-ridden clergy. So far as the 'Scottish Enlightenment' is concerned, it is easy to brush aside but difficult to refute the proud boast of 'Jupiter' Carlyle, minister of Inveresk, in the General Assembly of 1788:

Who have wrote the best histories, ancient and modern?—It has been clergymen of this Church. Who has wrote the clearest delineation of the human understanding and all its powers?—A clergyman of this Church. Who has written the best system of rhetoric, and exemplified it by his own orations?—A clergyman of this Church. Who wrote a tragedy that has been deemed perfect?—A clergyman of this Church. Who was the most profound mathematician of the age he lived in?—A clergyman of this Church. Who is his successor, in reputation as in office? Who wrote the best treatise on agriculture?

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh, 12

I. D. L. CLARK

Sir,—Mr. Trevor-Roper's admirable talk on Hume as a historian brings to one's mind a letter from the young Ranke to F. Perthes the publisher, dated, March 20, 1826.

In these days of national depression it is a tonic to read Ranke's panegyric on the moral qualities and the political achievement of the English people. To write the history of 'that noble nation'—a task he was to perform some thirty years later—forms the object of his special pleading. But wasn't there already Hume's monumental English History? Indeed, there was, and Ranke's evaluation of it is no less appreciative than Mr. Trevor-Roper's.

Es ist wahr: wir haben den Hume, und es wird sehr schwer sein, neben ihm besonders in der Geschichte der Stuarts noch einige Rücksicht zu erwerben.

The whole passage is remarkable for the friendliness evinced by this post-Romantic, Christian historian towards Hume, the dyed-in-the-wool representative of anti-religious Enlightenment.

As to the relationship between Macaulay and Hume (though, oddly enough, Mr. Trevor-Roper makes no mention of Hallam who preceded the former as a 'Humicide'), a letter from Ranke to his wife, dated March 26, 1857, may be of interest. Studies in preparation of his long-delayed English History had brought him to London where he conversed with the Prince Consort and dined with the Queen. Of all this he chats happily in this letter which is made even more interesting by an account of his meeting with Macaulay. To visualize the attitudes of this ill-matched pair on their walk in *Kensingtongarden* (sic) would require the pen of a Lytton Strachey. For us the point of relevance lies in the tail-piece. *'Dass ich mich selbst mit englischer Geschichte beschäftigen will, schien ihm doch nicht ganz recht zu sein'*. Macaulay, it appeared, felt somewhat uneasy at Ranke's intrusion into English history. Was he, perhaps, apprehensive lest the famous Prussian tory might play the part of a Hume *redivivus*?

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.1

MARTIN BRAUN

The Colonial Reckoning

Sir,—To use some of Mr. A. L. Bright Paul's own words (letter in THE LISTENER, January 4), there is a phrase in his comments which seems to illustrate a misconception most of our intellectuals make in regard to the African. It is: 'At the end of 3,000 years he [the African] has made no advance'.

With due respect to Mr. Bright Paul, it is undeniable that no race in the world has advanced more rapidly than the [African] Negro in the United States of America. Which seems to prove that, given the right civilized facilities for progress, the African potentiality is equal to any old-established white and can hold its own in an age when economic immorality and political expediency have all but stultified humanitarian considerations.

Yours, etc.,

Southampton

PHILIP SOMERVILLE

From Birmingham to Munich

Sir,—True, as Mr. Cyril Pohl says in his letter (THE LISTENER, December 28), Austria-Hungary accepted Wilson's fourteen points in October 1918, i.e., a year after they were promulgated. A bit slow wasn't it?—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

GEORGE EDINGER

Houses Today and Tomorrow

Sir,—In a talk entitled 'Houses Today and Tomorrow' (THE LISTENER, December 28) Mr. Barr made the statement that 'the standards for sound insulation in housing have been arrived at as a result of studies carried out by the Building Research Station into thousands of homes in blocks of flats'. This seems to indicate that both Mr. Barr and the 'Building Research Station' believe the sound problem in flats is the right one to use in order to create standards for sound insulation in houses. With due respect I would suggest that these standards are not the right ones since they cannot have been used in the post-war council houses of Harlow and Letchworth. The houses in these towns show a lamentable lack of sound-proofing in rooms and exterior walls.

Can Mr. Barr imagine a house where he can hear simultaneously one neighbour on his left going to the lavatory and another neighbour on his right scolding her child? If he cannot I suggest he spends a few days in the council houses of either Harlow or Letchworth.

After experiencing an embarrassing situation like the one I have described he will feel the need to urge a reform of the standards of house insulation and to base them not on the problem that exists in flats but on that which exists in the houses of New Towns.

Yours, etc.,

Letchworth

PAUL JOHNSON

The Road Not Taken

Sir,—Mr. Rowan's difficulty, detailed at some length in his letter of January 4, is becoming clearer. It now appears that he is confusing the intrinsic value of a poet with his influence. But poets like Eliot and Pound (and, indeed, Milton) may be major in themselves and yet be divagations from an existing tradition. Surely it is no disparagement to say this? One can at the same time admire a given achievement and suggest that it cannot teach much to the writers of a younger generation.

But one must sympathize with Mr. Rowan's difficulty in recognizing this distinction. That a dichotomy between value and influence should exist at all is in itself indicative of a dire cultural situation. After all, the number of good poets born at any one time can hardly vary appreciably. If some of the best of them die young, as happened in the early part of both the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, we can expect a vacuum. Without a strong existing tradition, such a vacuum will be filled by great eccentrics like Browning and Eliot. They rejoice, but have to construct for themselves something upon which to rejoice. And what is left of the tradition will be carried on by lesser men like Tennyson or Graves; in both cases, with fastidiousness or grace rather than force and direction.

Mr. Rowan asks me for the names of any living poets who have written poems 'of the first rank'. He should have noticed that I mentioned in my talk as having been influenced by Rosenberg two who were especially gifted: Ted Hughes and Peter Redgrove. And I should particularly recommend the title poem of Redgrove's *The Nature of Cold Weather* together with that of Francis Berry's *Morant Bay* to those who (admiring 'The Waste Land') believe that vividness of phrase is identical with thematic incoherence. And to those (like Mr. Rowan) who find social insight in the American Beatniks, I would recommend *Once Bitten, Twice Bitten* by Peter Porter and the work, as yet uncollected, of George MacBeth and Martin Bell.

It is no coincidence that all these relate to the tradition rediscovered and then halted so lamentably by the first world war. At the same time, they mark a development—a greater range of assonance, for example, and a freer use of sprung rhythm. None of these poets, indeed, figures in Miss Jennings's Methuen anthology, which Mr. Rowan so naïvely quotes as being representative of 'the actual work produced'. But then, neither Edward Thomas nor Isaac Rosenberg appeared in the Georgian anthologies—to the ethos of which the current establishment in literature bears a remarkable resemblance.

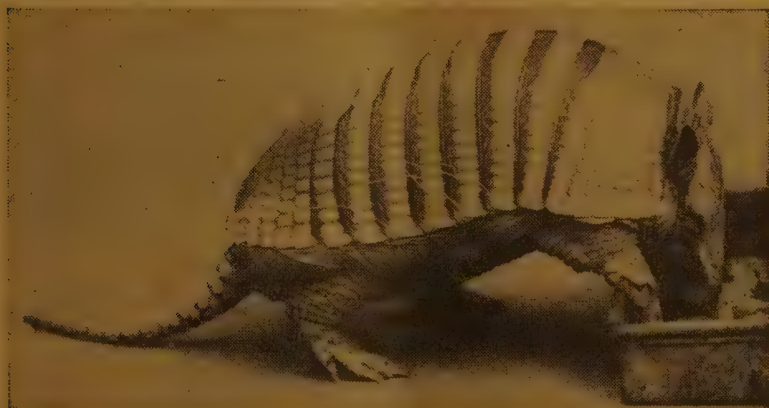
Yours, etc.,

Sheffield, 10

PHILIP HOBSBAUM

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

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Photographs of some of the Zoo's unique collection of small mammals, shown in the programme, are also reproduced on this page.



A pair of slender lorises, nocturnal animals from southern India and Ceylon

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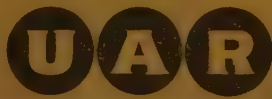
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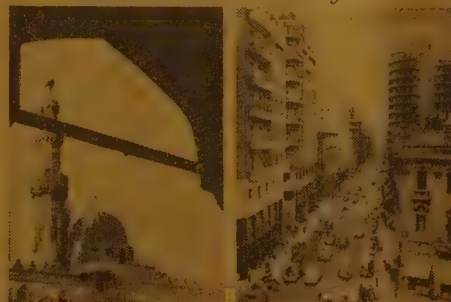
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Middle East Sketch-book

By FRED UHLMAN

Mr. Uhlman is a painter, and the author of 'The Making of an Englishman'

SIXTY years ago the journey from Jerusalem to Petra and back took at least sixteen days and needed an armed escort, horses, and tents. I did the journey there in just over eleven hours, by taxi and on horseback. I had passed through Amman, Madeba, Karak, once the chief City of Moab, until I reached Wadi Musa, the Wadi of Moses, where the car had to be exchanged for a horse. The road had been a boy's dream: Arabs on galloping horses, herds of camels, tents of nomads, hundreds of small falcons, a vulture almost transparent in the cerulean blue sky; the views magnificent, especially near the Wadi Mujib where the road swoops down from 3,000 feet almost to sea-level only to climb up on the other side of the rift, zig-zag, criss-cross, to the same height again. The mountains are desiccated, bare bones ravaged by time and neglect, the colours of old ivory, raw umber, yellow ochre, and occasional spots of Venetian red.

From Wadi Musa I could see the mountains of Petra black against the pale blue sky: Petra, the 'rose-red city half as old as time'. It had been the goal of my dreams for thirty years.

Some twenty to thirty Arab horses waited at Wadi Musa and more came galloping along from the neighbouring hills. I had never been on-horseback before and all I knew about horses was that they were noble animals, dear to painters like Stubbs and Géricault and to Englishmen, who would more easily forgive the



'Like looking through a giant keyhole at part of a brilliantly lit up painting by Giorgione or Titian': Kazne Faraoun, the temple at Petra, from the mouth of the gorge



At Baalbek, Syria: the six remaining pillars of the Temple of Jupiter
J. Allan Cash

destruction of the Parthenon than the shooting of a racehorse. I had never had the slightest desire to use or to abuse these noble creatures either for transport or for hunting. For almost sixty years I had been perfectly content to observe their behaviour from a safe distance and to accept without a murmur the assurance of experts that some horses run faster than others. Now suddenly at my age I was faced with the grim and stark reality that I *had* to mount what to my inexperienced and frightened eyes appeared to be a superb-looking stallion.

I looked at the horses and the horses looked at me in what seemed to me an unfriendly way. At last I selected one. The reasons for my choice were threefold: first, it was small and the distance from its back to the earth underneath relatively negligible; second, it was a mare (I guessed this because it had a foal attached to it) and I hoped that she would be more interested in looking after her child than in indulging in dreams of speed and untimely adventure. I hoped, too, that child-bearing had weakened her inborn lust to escape into the desert. The third reason for my choice was she had a friendly, tolerant look on her face, as if she had gone through many ordeals in her, as I hoped, long long life.

I mounted the mare with surprising ease and to my horror she started moving almost at once. There was no bridle, and apart from the saddle and some hair, very little to hold on to. But I stuck to it with iron determination, because I decided that if I had to fall off I would do it *outside* the village and not under

the eyes of the whole Arab population. I feigned an air of enjoyment, of ease, of hardly being able to restrain myself from galloping away, cowboy fashion, which—I trust—must have deceived many critical onlookers.

I relaxed slightly outside the village, but the danger of being decanted increased considerably from moment to moment. My horse only understood Arabic and did not obey my commands to turn left or right, but followed more adventurous horses, with the result that it slipped continuously up and down the torrent bed which we had now to follow. Nor was my position eased by the fact that I could only hold on with my left hand. In my right hand I had to hold my passport which threatened to fall from my hip pocket.

But soon I completely forgot my predicament, because I got far too excited to bother about falling off. We approached the entrance of the famous gorge, one of the few ways to enter Petra.

It is of red sandstone, at first only some seventy feet high on either side, increasing later to some 300 feet. Only a little blue sky shows, and it gets narrower and narrower, rougher and rougher, redder and redder, with thousands of blossoming oleander trees—it is the most fantastic triumphal entrance in the whole world. Any moment I expected the wonder of all wonders, Kazne Faraoun, Pharaoh's Treasury, to appear but still there was another corner and another, until the great moment came when, at last, expected and unexpected, the miracle happened and ahead of us I got the first glimpse of the Temple. It was indeed red—red as

a faded rose. I say glimpse, because such is the refinement, the torture, so narrow is the gorge—only a few yards across—that you can see perhaps only a third of the whole building. It was like looking through a giant keyhole at part of a brilliantly lit up painting by Giorgione or Titian.

After this the tension lessens, but only slightly, because now, leaving the gorge behind, you see the whole valley opening before your eyes. It opens like a saucer completely surrounded by a fortress of almost vertical rocks, sharp as needles, burnt umber and alizarin red, honeycombed with hundreds of caves, tombs, temples, monuments—some of them two to three storeys high, all carved out of the rock, which occasionally and miraculously looks like polished marble: red, then a layer of black, of grey and red again, or pale blue, pale green with tints of purple and hues of red. Slowly the valley levels out. Flanked by blossoming oleander, you reach the Roman theatre and other remains of the Roman city.

At the end of the valley, where the Wadi Musa makes an unexpected exit through the walls of the fortress, stands a small hotel with a few rooms, tents, and caves where I spent a restless night. Excitement, heat, and the howling of jackals kept me awake. I got up at 5.0 a.m. and climbed up to the High Place, once the official centre of the city's religious life, where in the days of the Edomites blood sacrifice was practised, once so violently denounced by the Hebrew prophets. In the afternoon, in spite of the heat, which must have been at least 100 degrees between the rocks, I climbed a second mountain on which stands El Deir, 'The Monastery'. El Deir is over 140 feet high, completely carved out of the mountain, one of the most beautiful stage settings in the world. The stones of El Deir look more like a Cotswold stone, a rich golden ochre, perhaps less attractive to look at than the Treasury which, when the sun is at the right angle, glows almost purple like Bohemian glass.

The next morning at five I left for Jerusalem. With me I carried a Roman coin of Constantius II which I had found near the Treasury, a small piece of pottery in the shape of a camel's head, and a stone—the colour of a faded red rose. I arrived back in Jerusalem eleven hours later.

The next morning I left for Beirut and Baalbek. It is difficult to talk about Baalbek, coming from Petra. For me Petra was a spiritual experience, a mysterious, luminous city to be compared with other luminous places like Chartres, la Sainte Chapelle, or the tomb of Galla Placidia in Ravenna. There is nothing mysterious about Baalbek. In Petra I never asked how it was done. My first feeling in Baalbek as I gazed at the Temple of Jupiter was one of amazement about the most unbelievable technical achievement: how on earth could they lift such stones?

Already outside Baalbek you get the first shock. There lies the 'largest cut block in the world' measuring sixty feet in length

and seventeen by fourteen feet in cross-section and weighing some 1,500 tons, the weight of approximately 1,500 private cars! The six still standing pillars of the Temple of Jupiter are the tallest pillars in the world, some sixty-five feet high. Of course, the sight of the columns with the snow covered mountains in the background piercing the blue sky is magnificent, of course the glowing, golden stone of the Temple of Bacchus is breathtakingly beautiful, but again and again the wretched question tormented me, 'How on earth was it technically possible?'

From Baalbek I returned to Beirut, and next morning took the



Colonnade round the courtyard of the Ommaiyades Mosque, Damascus

road to Damascus. Damascus, another of the dreams of my childhood, together with Baghdad, Samarkand, Tashkent, and Bokhara. (I have always been fascinated by names. I have never had the slightest desire to see Copenhagen or Oslo or Stockholm, beautiful as they may be, but the Mediterranean, the Middle East, and the Orient have called me again and again. There I feel at home: at Knossos and Delphi, Paestum and Agrigentum, Fez and Marrakesh, Baalbek and Petra.)

The approach to Damascus was magnificent. The road, coming down from the Anti-Lebanon, traversed green fields and was hedged in by poplar trees—hundreds of them. No entrance could be more promising, more propitious to satisfy all the associations which the word 'Damascus' had awakened in me. Damascus, Damascus—there it was: a hot, ugly modern town, the 'bazaars' mainly full of the vomit of Petticoat Lane, and apart from the great mosque not much left. But of course the mosque alone is worth the visit. It was built when Damascus was the metropolis of an empire reaching from Spain almost to the borders of China. Today the interior is almost empty, but the first impression is one of unbelievable coolness and whiteness and calm. This coolness and whiteness is enhanced by the hundreds of red Persian carpets which seem to cover acres of floor; the whole is a symposium of red, white, and the faded green-bluish hues of the roof.

I returned to Beirut from the hot mountains. The aircraft was ready and carried me back to England in less than ten hours. When I arrived home I stood there, shivering, completely bewildered, staring and staring fascinated at a green world of grass, candles on the chestnut trees, laburnum and tulips and roses. The evening was heavenly cool, a soft wind played with the leaves of my poplar tree—the desert, thank God, was thousands of miles away. Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land was outside my door—waiting for me who was ready to receive it with gratitude, with longing.—Home Service

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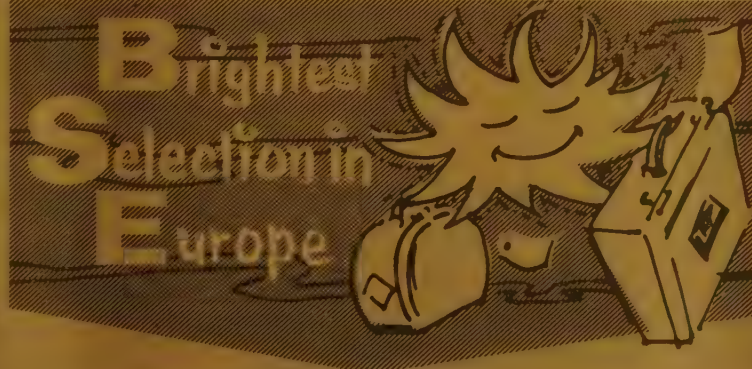
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L2

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L3

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

January 3-9

Wednesday, January 3

The new anti-Communist executive of the Electrical Trades Union rejects request by Mr. Foulkes, Communist President of the Union, for help in his appeal against findings of High Court in the case on ballot-rigging

Dr. Salazar, Portuguese Prime Minister, says that Britain's action had helped to delay Portugal's defence of Goa against India, and that his Government was going to re-examine the alliance with the United Kingdom

President Sukarno of Indonesia follows up his claim to Dutch-held West New Guinea by proclaiming it an Indonesian province

Thursday, January 4

Work-to-rule campaign in Post Office and continuing bad weather causes delays in delivery of mails in many parts of the country

Claim by 250,000 workers in shipbuilding industry for higher pay and shorter hours is rejected by the employers

Britain invites U Thant, acting U.N. Secretary-General, to Salisbury to discuss situation on border of N. Rhodesia and Katanga

Friday, January 5

Courtaulds reject take-over bid, amounting to £180,000,000, by I.C.I.

Mr. Gaitskell speaking in West Berlin advocates free access to it under international supervision with East Germany taking part

Saturday, January 6

At least ten more people killed in Algeria during clashes between French troops and Muslims

The Indonesian commander in South Celebes says that reinforcements are arriving there

Sunday, January 7

General Lucius Clay, President Kennedy's representative in Berlin, has discussions with the President in Washington on policy to be followed in the event of a crisis in the city

Monday, January 8

Eighty-seven people killed and sixty-seven injured in railway crash near Utrecht, Holland

Tuesday, January 9

At his talks with Mr. Macmillan in Bonn, Dr. Adenauer agrees to step up arms-purchases from the United Kingdom to help pay for the British forces in West Germany

De Havilland's Trident airliner makes a successful test flight at Hatfield

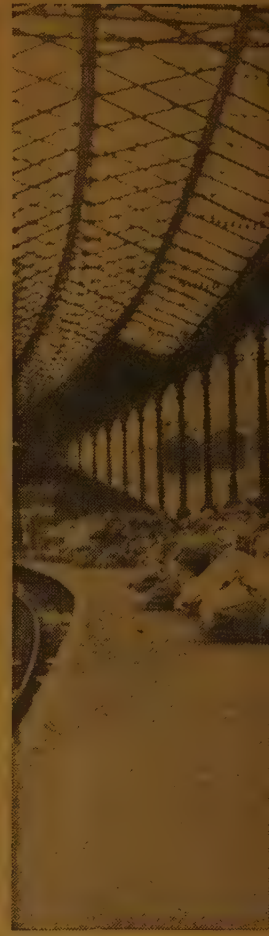
The Postmaster-General orders the I.T.A. to pay half of its surplus revenue for the year 1960-61 (£450,000) to the Exchequer



On January 5 Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Chancellor of the Exchequer, met delegations from the British Employers' Confederation and the Trades Union Congress to discuss the Government's proposal for an 'intermediate phase' to follow the 'pay-pause' before bringing in a national wages policy. The discussions are to continue. *Top picture*, representatives of the British Employers' Confederation: *left to right*, Lord McCorquodale, President, Sir G. Pollock, Director, and Mr. M. Laing, a Vice-President. *Lower picture*, members of the T.U.C. delegation: *left to right*, Mr. T. Hill (Boilermakers' Union), Mr. R. Smith (Union of Post Office Workers) and Mr. George Woodcock, the General Secretary



A poster in Djakarta, capital of Indonesia, supporting President Sukarno's claim to Dutch New Guinea. An attempt was made to assassinate Dr. Sukarno on Sunday during his visit to South Celebes, which he has said will be the main base in the struggle for Dutch New Guinea



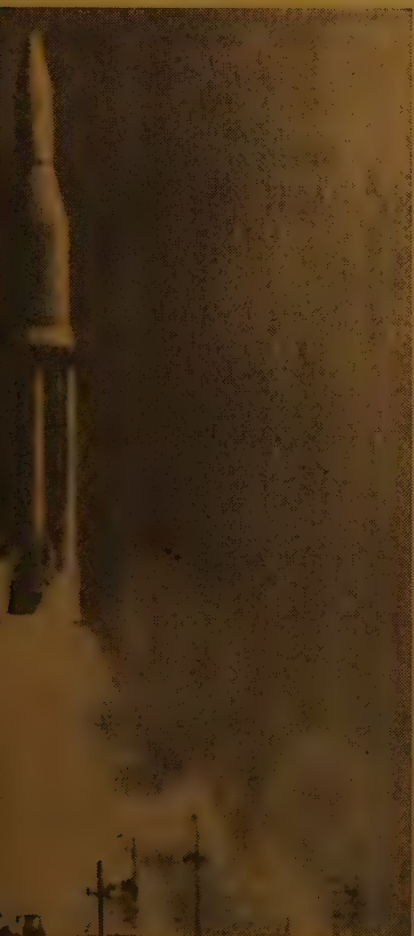
Dr. Wernher von Braun announced on January 7 that a man expedition on the M version of the Saturn (itself shows it du



Sacks of mail accumulated at Euston Station, London, on January 7, as the 'work-to-rule' campaign by members of the Union of Post Office Workers ended its first week



The new transatlantic French liner 'France' leaving Southampton after a brief visit last Sunday during her trials. Her maiden voyage to New York starts on February 3. The funnels are specially designed to deflect the smoke from the decks



The U.S. Army Ballistic Missile Agency is going ahead with plans to land a three-stage rocket. The rocket to be used will be a giant (as high as Nelson's Column); the photograph shows its successful launching last October



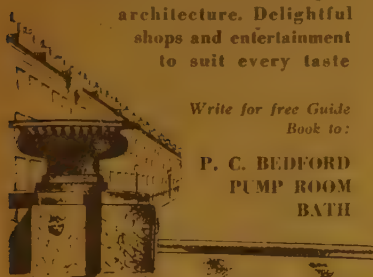
The Boat Show at Earls Court, London: a reconstruction of the harbour at Dartmouth, Devon. The exhibition is open until January 14

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Travel Books

The Topography of England

By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

ANYONE wanting a book on an English theme for a foreign friend could not be better served than by William Gaunt's *London* (Batsford, 21s.) with Eric de Maré's photographs. Mr. de Maré can be relied upon to take superb photographs of characteristic and unhackneyed subjects, and Mr. Gaunt on writing competently and attractively. Moreover, the book is cheap at a guinea. Some of Mr. de Maré's photographs are eye-openers even to those pretty familiar with London, e.g., St. Pancras Station as a Gothic Montsalvage against a moonlit night-sky, or a detail of bronze against stone from the Queen Victoria Memorial opposite Buckingham Palace. The photograph of the Euston Propylaea ought to be hung all over London as a poster to perpetuate the Cabinet's shame in refusing to save this monument to the greatness of the English Grecian Revival which was at the same time the most powerful monument in the world to the railway age.

The internal combustion engine fitted into cars and then aeroplanes finished the railway age, as the railways had finished the short-lived canal age. England was earliest with commercial canals and earliest with the railways. For both she is still paying the penalty. Our railway stations are the most inconvenient and grimy of western Europe, and our canals never became the twentieth-century waterways for substantial boats that they are, e.g., in Germany. To write about canals is, as a rule, to write nostalgically. Mr. Herbert Spencer's *London's Canal* (Putnam, 30s.), though illustrated largely by contemporary lithographs, is not a nostalgic book, but a straightforward history of the Regent Canal, written with sympathy and with a keen interest in the technical aspects of canal building.

Bridge, Church and Palace by J. E. N. Hearsey (John Murray, 28s.) is another London book: the history of London Bridge, Old St. Paul's, and Whitehall Palace, circumstantially and somewhat conventionally told. The author was well served by reliable recent books such as G. S. Dugdale's on Whitehall and G. H. Cook's and Canon Atkins's on St. Paul's. Architecturally he is not entirely reliable (St. Katharine Cree has nothing to do with Inigo Jones, and Jones did not turn to architecture from pageantry only in 1619), and he does not stress sufficiently what can still be seen of Whitehall Palace and where. But then his prime concern is history. With Whitehall Palace he goes back to the thirteenth-century Chief Justiciar, Hubert de Burgh, with Old St. Paul's to the early seventh century,

with London Bridge to the Roman centuries. He might have gone yet further, for London Bridge is where it is because of a southern spit of gravel facing a northern spit of gravel, and that is indeed why London is where it is.

'The site of the world's greatest city', wrote C. E. Montague in *The Right Place*, 'was determined by a seeming caprice in the earth's distribution of gravel, sand, alluvium and eocene clays'. The quotation comes from Mr. Ivor Brown's new anthology *A Book of London* (Collins, 10s. 6d.), also an ideal gift for the above-named foreign friends, also remarkably cheap, but alas illustrated by indifferent photographs. If Eric de Maré was the ideal choice for Mr. Gaunt's architectural book, here a photographer of the kind and calibre of Mr. Roger Mayne would have been needed. Ivor Brown, most sympathetic of readers, quotes from Fitzstephen and from *Angel Pavement* as aptly as from John Betjeman:

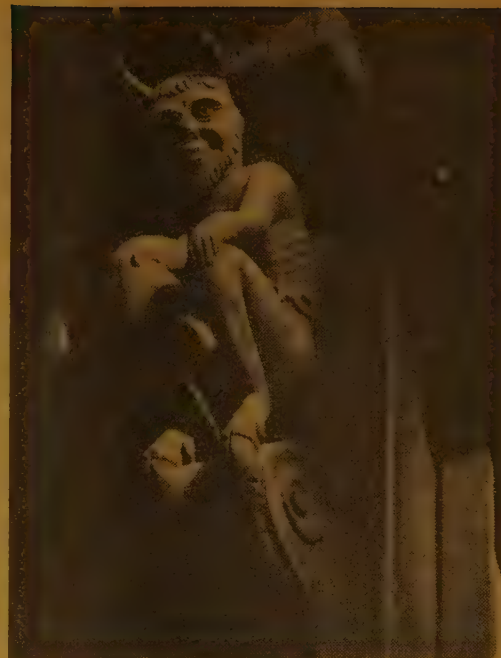
And the curious Anglo-Norman
Parish church of Kentish Town

What church is it? I looked up my own
Buildings of England and found it with all the



The canal in Regent's Park

Photograph by Heinz Zinram from 'London's Canal'



Medieval carving of the devil outside a shop in Stonegate, York
From 'North Country Profile'

poetry taken out of it. All the more blessings for Mr. Betjeman.

Topographical writing is such a problem. At the one extreme are the inventories of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments on the one hand, school text-books on the other; at the other extreme are Henry James's *Portraits of Places* on the one hand, the picture-book on the other. There are evidently customers nowadays for all of them, though really good topography needs a rare mixture of talents and interests. Good writing is one, an eye for the characteristic another, good photography a third. Those curious about buildings are rarely sufficiently curious about nature (Mr. Grigson is both), and those curious about either do not always combine scholarship with curiosity.

The picture-book has, alas, become the escape from most of these problems. We can take as examples four new picture-books published by Country Life. The choice and merit of the illustrations is very uneven—and the illustrations are, after all, the main point of the books. Two are in colour, that on the Lake District (25s.) gratifyingly excellent, that on Norwich (18s.) too poor for a city of so much civic pride. The book on the Peak District (15s.) is in black and white, and the pictures are well chosen. Mr. G. B. Wood's *North Country Profile* (25s.) is of a different type—an easily running text accompanied by pictures small and large. Mr. Wood is himself both journalist and photographer. The chapters have such headings as 'Wilberforce Remains' and 'A forgotten regional style' (the 'Halifax Houses').

Mr. R. H. Goedsall in his *The Eastern Rother* (Constable, 21s.) has also been his own photographer. Topographical books on such limited

areas are always welcome. The area here goes from Hythe, Romney Marsh and Rye to Mayfield and Wadhurst, and includes the Military Canal and Bodiam Castle, both defence works against the French, the latter more reassuring than the former. The writing is personal ('I look back with nostalgic memories to the day...'; 'To me the mention of Wittenham always revives memories of my student days'), the illustrations are not spectacular but always apt. Architecture as architecture is not Mr. Goodsall's real interest. In the case of Mr. Bryan Little, one of the most experienced of English topographers, architecture and history always blend well. He has replaced his book on Bath, after fifteen years, by a new one (Burleigh Press, 15s.). The old one was out of print, and Mr. Ison's research has in the meantime changed one's views on many of



Dove Dale
From 'Country Life Picture-book of the Peak District'

the Bath buildings. The illustrations are intelligently chosen and commented on.

Finally a book that deserves success and may easily be overlooked. *A History of Sussex*, by J. R. Armstrong, Extra-Mural Tutor at Southampton University (Darwen Finlayson, 16s.), looks like a picture-book. In fact it is the ideal book for secondary and grammar schools (and that means of course—see good school broadcasts—for the grown-up layman as well). It has fifteen maps from geology through prehistory to the present day, besides twenty-four well-chosen plates, and each of the nineteen chapters ends with a few titles for further reading. In spite of its mere sixty pages it contains plenty of information. For instance, the population of Brighton rose between 1780 and 1820 from 3,600 to 21,000, and commuting was already accepted by the latter date. Cobbett writes: 'Great parcels of stockjobbers stay at Brighton with the women and children and skip backward and forward on the coaches'. But Mr. Armstrong is as interested in the planned late thirteenth-century town of Winchelsea as in Brighton.



Rye Mill

From 'The Eastern Rother'

Every Prospect Pleases

THE FRENCH can, indeed frequently do, turn an old boot into a palatable dish; and the first consignment of books for this article seemed to require an analogous feat. What could be more *vieux jeu* now than the 1961 editions of the *Guide gastronomique de l'Auto-Journal* (*Probité, Politesse, Propriété!*) or *Les Auberges de France*, when received amidst the November mists of the same vintage—how many of those unspoilt, low-priced restaurants will be either the one or the other in 1962? I preferred old friends, even in novel guise: Baedeker's *Touring Guide to France* (Allen and Unwin) in a new pocketable format, long and thin and narrow, with a flexible binding that seemed subtly anti-French inasmuch as it looked likely to bind, unlike that of the second old friend, the paper-back version (*Guides de Poche* edition, Hachette) of the *Guide Bleu* of France, though it is good value at only 9s. 6d. The Baedeker, much more thorough and detailed, costs two guineas, but I thought its line-drawings were inferior to those of the *Guide de Poche*.

However excellent, guides are merely, as it were, *quenelles de brochet* without the sauce, and fortunately (and appropriately, since the present state of France hardly bears *thinking* about) relief, stimulus and rare delight are this year provided by some outstandingly good photography, in the English version of *Merveilles de France* (*Wonders of France*, Thames and Hudson, £4.4s.). There are nearly two hundred photogravures from many different hands, under such headings as the France of Fable, the Romanesque Tradition, Gothic France or the Face of France, and even when, inevitably, some of them are of well-known sites or monuments, the *déjà vu* is avoided by lighting or angle or texture. The excellence of the pictures is matched by a civilized and informative commentary by François Cali; but those suffering from hypertension should avoid the unworthy general introduction, unless they wish to be told, *e.g.*, that Bourget's novels are masterpieces, that 'the Frenchman approaches both people and things with an honest gaze, hands outstretched' (for what?, one wonders) or, supreme irony, that 'any other nation suffering under oppression, be it Poland or Greece or the future United States seeking their independence from Britain arouses the deep compassion of the French people'...

Another picture-book had the awe-inspiring title of *Women of Paris* (André Deutsch, 8s. 6d.), a paper-back of photographs with an introduction by André Maurois in which, as befits an *académicien* polygraph, he remains effortlessly at the level of his subject. Cliché after polished cliché (I trust remunerative also, since there are certain things that one should only do for a lot of money) flow from his pen: 'Today, as yesterday, it is impossible to be a woman of Paris without possessing good taste; but to acquire good taste is an easy matter in Paris'... *et patati et patata*. Fit commentary for such original photographs as *bouquinistes* and flower-sellers by the Seine, a lottery kiosk, the Folies-Bergère (back- and front-stage), and artist's model (back only), etc. The waste of a good subject is infuriating: surely originality is always possible by honest treatment of any subject, however hackneyed; a splendid photograph can easily be made while not concealing,



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e.g., that French women have, by and large, the worst complexions in the world.

It is a pleasure to leave the shoddy for two unassuming but excellently produced travel-books, the one, by Macmillan (*Small Boat to Alsace*, by Roger Pilkington, illustrations by David Knight, 25s.), especially well illustrated, the other, by Faber (*The Sun and Old Stones*, by Sean Jennett, 25s.), with poorish photographs and illustrations by the author but nicely printed. The mere mention of Dr. Pilkington will apparently suffice for his many fanatical admirers, and I can well understand this, for his book is entertaining and well documented. He is dealing here with a canal cruise mainly through the lovely and little-known Moselle valley, and having, strangely enough, made the acquaintance of part of this stretch of France almost by chance last summer, I can only express the hope that this book will not cause motorists to start resisting the lure of the horrid N.7. For my part, I admired Dr. Pilkington chiefly because he has realized two long cherished ambitions of my own: one is that of moving in comfort and safety over waters immune, unlike most water, from rage and perversity; the other, the ability to deal with French officialdom, for someone who has accomplished that can accomplish anything. The equally nomadic Mr. Jennett prefers car and tent to cabin-cruiser, and his route, from Avignon across to the Franco-Spanish frontier, is more conventional. The formula is similar: a fair amount of scenery, quite a lot of history, some monuments and the rest travel-chat and anecdote, some of it a little vapid. However, I will travel a long way with a man honest enough to admit how loathsome a delicacy is *crème de marrons*, although I question his wisdom in trying to eat Tome de Savoie pips and all.

All in all, on this showing, hardly a first-class vintage of French travel-books, but, on reflection, neither are massacre and mutiny the most reassuring background for travel. So, for the moment, back to our picture-book of past wonders of France and the ageless diversity of its countryside.

DOUGLAS PARMÉE

Deep Waters

DEEP-WATER MEN would describe them as sunshine fishermen. They have never lost sight of the land except in fog or darkness. They prefer sails to engines, and oars to sails. They dread the sea and are seldom content on land. Charts can only hint at what they know about their own sea-beds. Time may have introduced the feather technique for slaughtering mackerel, instead of the baited hook, but otherwise for them its progress has been destructive. They live, those who are left, on difficult islands off our coasts, descendants of the earliest seafarers. The difference between the beginning and the



Sixteenth-century gallery, Chenonceaux
From 'The Wonders of France'

end of nautical history lies between these men and someone they strangely admire, such as Francis Chichester.

Chichester won the single-handed Atlantic yacht race in the summer of 1960. All the time he was at sea in his Irish-built craft, millions of people were thinking about his progress and his hardships, waiting for reports on the wireless about the trophy-hunting rivals alone in their small boats crossing the ocean, a modern event charged with viking emotion. Yet a sunshine fisherman, without understanding the laws of navigation, might have done the telling of his story better than he has done himself in *Alone Across the Atlantic* (Allen and Unwin, 21s.). A number of people lead heroic lives today, but they lack the men to praise them, or the style to praise themselves, in suitable words. The heroes' own books are done to finance further adventure. Slocum had, for his advantage, the language of the old sailing ships, which was in itself a style, and he was the first writer in that particular whale-path.

Sailing alone, except for a short passage, seems to me a bore. The open sea, which I never want to view from a small boat out of sight of land, must be immensely monotonous. Only the perilous changes in wind and weather for company, and they can be written about in a few pages. Captain Ahab or Captain Bligh or the Nigger of the 'Narcissus' are the types of men who for the sake of their fellows ought to have sailed alone, but what would the literature of the sea have been like had they done so?

More and more people today have time in the summer and the good fortune to turn themselves into sunshine fishermen, choosing an unravished headland, sailing to a neglected island, and talking through the winter evenings of the dangers survived, the fish landed, and the passages made. In our holidays, we can experience a distinct part of our own history, and at other times we can experience this in greater depth and accuracy through literature. To my mind, one of the best 'modern' poems connected with the sea is Pound's deliberately archaic translation of the Anglo-Saxon 'Seafarer', which by its very archaisms emphasizes what is lacking in contemporary speech as known to Pound.

He hath not heart for harping, nor
in ring-having
Nor winsomeness to wife, nor world's
delight
Nor any whit else save the wave's
slash,
Yet longing comes upon him to fare
forth on the water.

To the Anglo-Saxon poet, the story of the sea mattered as much as the sea, and probably to his translator it mattered more. But that story, since 'Homer is our example', has to be well told. 'The Dry Salvages', the sea plays of Eugene O'Neill, the short sea stories by Liam O'Flaherty, and 'The Old Man and the Sea' are all well told, and are worth reading again and again. But sail and style seem to have declined together, when one

looks at the average sea-book of today, while history and technique have enormously improved.

One sea-book I have enjoyed recently is *Ships and Seamen* by Christopher Lloyd (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £2 10s.). This is an accurate pictorial history by a Greenwich man, who crosses a lot of salt water between the vikings and the Polaris submarine, and gives one a good idea of what the ships were like. *The Book of the Sea*, an anthology compiled by Aubrey de Selincourt (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25s.), I find interesting for what it contains, and very annoying for the way it is presented, with contempt for chronology, but it would do no harm on a bedside table. *Sailing and Seamanship* (Longmans, 21s.) is a masterly book by Eric Howells packed with sensible information, and the perfect choice for beginners, particularly in small boats. Every romantic bookshelf should contain Francis Chichester's record of his Atlantic crossing, for Melville and Dana and Slocum would all have admired him. But I can see White Jacket himself up aloft and looking down with indignation at our engine-torn and dinghy-crowded seas. The ship's gun, in whose barrel the Poet's manuscript was hidden from his mates, has just been fired, an awful announcement of missiles to come, water-skiing with roaring speed-boats, and roller-reefing gear on yachts.

RICHARD MURPHY

A Sail in a Forest, by Peter Pye (Hart-Davis, 21s.) describes a sailing cruise through the Baltic to Finland and Lapland. It is excellently illustrated.

Italy Re-invaded

IN 1943, on the eve of the invasion of Italy, Churchill announced that the Allies would 'draw a red-hot rake up Italy'. Happily he and his colleagues, whether by accident or design, did not carry out this blood-curdling threat. Monte Cassino, Rimini, the Arena Chapel in Padua—about a half-dozen places received the full treatment. It is in fact amazing that, with two modern armies ferociously embattled, prancing up and down the peninsula for nearly two years, the damage should be so slight. The Constable of Bourbon and his *Landsknechts* probably did about as much in 1527, with their relatively amateur forms of explosion.

It has been left for another modern, more pacific, but in the long run more destructive scourge to devastate Renaissance Italy as we know it. A twin scourge—the real estate man in search of quick profits, and the great tourist migration which annually swarms all over the peninsula. The first is responsible for many atrocities, such as the sky-scraper approach to Rome seen across the Campagna. The second has turned most of the sea-side resorts, the Rapallos, Santa Margheritas, Alassios, Capris and hundreds of others—quiet, rustic places once they were—into so many Coney Islands.

Everyone will agree that the more people of all nations and all classes who can visit the most beautiful land in the world the better. But within fifty years the very sights they come to see will

have been ruined—and they will come no more. Thus the Italian government, mesmerized by the prospect of quick returns (tourism is one of the most profitable Italian industries today), is busily engaged in sawing off the limb of the tree it is sitting on. Renaissance Italy is being destroyed by the 'private enterprise' which created it. Either some form of control must be introduced—to stop the masking of beautiful buildings by sky-scrappers, and to limit the 'Coney Islandization' of Italy—or within fifty years the place will be unrecognizable. The cynic may well reply, 'Why worry? Atomic war will soon take care of that. Like Sybaris of old, the Florences, Bergamos and San Gimignano are doomed anyway to utter extinction. Our remote progeny will one day dig them up from tens of feet beneath the soil. The "March of Progress" will have finished Italy'. And he will point, very pertinently, to the internal combustion engine which has made the Eternal City one of the most cacophonous places on earth.

These may seem unduly gloomy reflections. But they are provoked by the books under review here. Miss Mary McCarthy in *Venice Observed* (Heinemann, 15s.) says, 'there is no use pretending that the tourist Venice is not the real Venice . . . the tourist Venice is Venice'. Harold Acton in his urbane and informative preface to Hurlimann's photographs of *Florence* (Thames and Hudson, 30s.), writes, 'Since the last war, the tide of foreign residents has ebbed, while the tourists have continued to flow in torrents'. And Peter Gunn in his witty and learned *Naples*

(Chapman and Hall, 42s.) says, 'The revolution that is now taking place in Naples is possibly the greatest disturbance that has ever taken place in the city . . . much damage has already been done in the name of Progress . . . the plaintive cry of Sannazaro is confounded in the roar of the traffic and the whirl of concrete-mixers . . .'.

It is true that the architectural expert, Martin Briggs, in his *Architecture in Italy* (Dent, 15s.) is favourably disposed towards the new buildings and their Italian authors. But even he says of the aircraft hangars at Orvieto, 'all these are really works of structural engineering rather than of architecture as generally understood'. (Surely, a foreign lover of Italy, however behind the times he may be, can be forgiven for deploring aircraft hangars at Orvieto?)

In short, the forecasts of the iconoclast Marinetti at the turn of the century are being fulfilled. 'Art', he said scornfully of the beauty of his land, 'is no more today than a butterfly caught in the cogs of a great machine . . . there is more beauty in the swirling exhausts of a great racing-car than in all the canvases of Mantegna'. Marinetti is generally regarded as an exceptionally silly man. But if he were alive today, he could easily be Minister of Works.

It would be unfair to the authors of these books to say that this complaint against the Italy of 1961 forms the entire burthen of their writing. They are less concerned with lamenting the present than with celebrating the past. And if the theme of Italian beauty is a hackneyed



Forte di San Giorgio, from Florence

Left: Assisi: photograph by Konrad Hellig from H. Keller's *Umbria* (Thames and Hudson, £3 3s.)

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one, on which variations, about Venice, Florence and Naples, have been interminably played, all of them have introduced something of their own personalities into their books, so that they are more than guides. The great European tradition of travel writing about Italy, of Lenormant, Gissing, Douglas and many others is still reflected here.

ANTHONY RHODES

Baedeker at Home

BAEDEKER, in English, is gradually re-emerging after his wartime eclipse, and it is perhaps fitting that one of the first new editions should deal with old Karl's birthplace, Cologne (Baedeker's *Cologne and Bonn*, Allen and Unwin, 16s.). The post-war handbooks are clearly printed, with readable maps, and are no doubt desperately accurate; but is it a sign of advancing age that I find them as difficult to get used to as the New English Bible?

My old Baedekers had covers of a darker crimson, and their edges were marbled like ledgers. The close print, the crowded maps, turned them into a kind of official breviary of travel. One was made conscious of the vast complexity of European topography, and felt under an obligation to visit every starred altarpiece or view in the little sector that was the business of any particular day. The occasional lyricism—'noble prospect', 'brooding forest'—was all the more effective through being buried in a vast storehouse of facts; and the network of cross-references that depended on little winding railways, long since vanished, added something of the rubrical magic of Bradshaw to the labyrinthine descriptions. Today, though the means of travel have immeasurably improved, the adventure is much less. One no longer clings to one's Baedeker as a navigator to his chart; one merely from time to time consults it.

My oldest Rhineland Baedeker is dated 1903; it was already the 29th German edition. It contains much talk of 'diligences' that might meet the train on a Wednesday, and of remote *Gasthöfe*, 'well spoken of', where Monday's *table d'hôte* was to be recommended. But the fashionable world is reflected too, for the Rhine was one of the earliest playgrounds of the privileged, and one is left with the impression that most travellers were of the sort who, finding no room at the inn, would have been welcomed in the Schloss.

The reigning Baedeker, in dealing with *Cologne and Bonn*, has to draw a very different picture. Cologne, after all, is one of the citadels of Dr. Erhard's 'economic miracle'. It is no longer the distinctively Rhenish

metropolis, but, in spite of its synthetic carnival and synthetic cathedral, has become just another dull West German conurbation efficiently replacing the war ruins. As for the shy university town of Bonn, it has had grafted upon it, in the most painful way possible, the minimum construction needed to turn it into a permanently temporary Federal capital. Poor material, this, for the guide-book writer.

In *Tyrol and Salzburg* (Allen and Unwin, 40s.) our contemporary Baedeker is nearer to the old tradition. The Alps, after all, remain, and are incapable of much simplification. Our mentor continues to provide all needed information, and it is not his fault that the development of tourism as a mass industry has deprived his book of its predecessors' stern charm.

But Baedekers are still the best guide-books, just as the series 'Les Beaux Pays' is outstanding among photographic travel-books. In this series *Austria* (Nicholas Kaye, £2 10s.) is well up to standard. Its 274 heliogravure illustrations find appropriate melodrama in both mountains and baroque, and are technically superb. Unfortunately the text, by Eugène Susini, is not directly



Village of Trausdorf. Below: Abbey fish-ponds, Kremsmünster

Both pictures from 'Austria'

related to the pictures, and is descriptive rather than creative. To read it before visiting the scenes described would be frustrating, and to read it afterwards would be pointless. To heighten recollection, the pictures will suffice; to check on facts, we had much better turn back to Baedeker.

Germany: its geography and growth (John Murray, 15s.) is not a travel book at all, but a heavily illustrated text book. It suffers from the opposite defect to that of the volume just noted, in that here it is the rather misty pictures that detract from the text. Dr. K. A. Sinnhuber contrives to give an appearance of geographical unity to the whole of what the Bonn Government officially claims as constituting Germany, including the 'lost provinces' beyond the Oder-Neisse line. No doubt it was his publishers who insisted that he should exclude his own Austria from this conception, but such political restraint makes it difficult for him to bring the Holy Roman Empire into focus. This is the perpetual dilemma that faces German historiographers.

DOUGLAS BROWN



Isles of Greece

TO THOSE WHO have known Greece well in the past the modern rush of travellers and tourists to its shores is disconcerting and rather sad. They are wrong to resent it, whether as Philhellènes or humanitarians in general. For Greece is a poor country; and her efforts to attract the tourist trade and to improve the lot of tourists are admirable and worthy of support; while it is surely in every way desirable that as many men and women as possible should have the experience of seeing a land that possesses some of the loveliest natural scenery in the world and is studded with monuments which illustrate the whole history of our civilization. Yet one cannot but sigh for the days before Delphi was ringed with hotels, when a stranger was a cherished phenomenon at Skyros or Santorin, when one could sit in solitude at Sunion or walk through the chestnut woods of the Holy Mountain without meeting at every corner ill-clad hikers who use the hospitality of the monks as a means for obtaining a free holiday. The tourists are seeing Greece; but they seldom see the Greece that we loved, and they do not add to its beauty.

So long as tourists pour into Greece, publishers will pour out books about Greece. The one book that is really needed has not yet appeared. We require a thoroughly up-to-date Baedeker or Murray, full of sound factual information about sites and monuments and museums and practical advice about accommodation and transport. But such a book is not easy to compile. New sites are unearthed, museums are re-opened and rearranged; treasures hitherto unseen are displayed; and, all the while, hotels are being built, roads extended and repaired and bus and steamer services improved. A guide-book would risk being out of date by the time that it was issued. So, for the moment, the traveller must rely upon the friendly help of the National Tourist Organization for his practical information; and for the rest he can study the works of previous travellers who believe themselves to have a literary bent.

The latest batch of such books caters for several tastes. Those who like their information given simply and ingenuously can use Mr. and Mrs. Whelpton's guileless volume *Greece and the Islands* (Robert Hale, 21s.), though it is not, as the publishers claim, a 'comprehensive survey of the whole country'. If the authors had really visited the islands they would not have omitted to mention the extraordinary mosaics of the Nea Moni on Chios or the great church of a Hundred Gates on Paros, and they might have decided whether the town on Santorin is called Tyra or Thera. Readers who enjoy racy anecdotes and lively generalizations and are not irritated by journalese or by careless lapses—Zante does not begin with 'X'—will be stimu-

lated by Mr. Robert Payne's *The Splendour of Greece* (Robert Hale, 21s.). Those with a sympathy for *Schwärmerei* will find pleasure in Herr Erhart Kaestner's rapt account of a visit to Mount Athos (*Mount Athos: The Call from Sleep*, translated by Barry Sullivan (Faber, 30s.), though if they really wish to understand the meaning of the mountain they will go back to the works of Philip Sherrard. There is a magnificent volume on *Crete in Colour* by Olivier Reverdin and R. G. Haegler, translated by Eric and Mary Peters (Thames and Hudson, £5 5s.) with splendid pictures of Minoan sites and treasures, though it tells us little of the byways of that strange and lovely island. You can-



Paros: the monastery

From 'Greece and the Islands'

take your choice; and if these works encourage you to visit Greece or add to your appreciation while you are there or help to strengthen your memories in after years, they will have been justified. Though cruise-ships and charabancs and monstrous hordes of hikers are blots upon the landscape, few travellers come back from Greece without having enriched their knowledge of beauty and of civilization. And there are still parts of Greece which retain their older charm and are as lovely as anything on the tourist routes, tucked away in the mountains of the Peloponnese or Pindus or in less accessible islands. There, though creature comforts may be lacking and you may not even find a Greek just back from America to interpret for you—and that is usually a relief—you can still see the true Greece and the true Greeks, with their unselfconscious simplicity, their warm and considerate hospitality and their fundamental sense of the dignity of man.

STEVEN RUNCIMAN

Renaissance Europe (Batsford, £2 5s.) contains 186 photographs, with text and commentaries.

Together

AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS of mutinous muttering about all that 'samey' food and the lack of service I climbed aboard a 707 at Los Angeles Airport and flew the polar route (over northern Canada, actually, though they fear that removes the romance) back to London Airport, nine restless night-hours away. I was looking forward to home.

Almost at once, the duties of a 'Tonight' reporter being what they are, I was in South Wales, emerging from a sleeper to stand hesitantly in the foyer of the local Grand Hotel—a

battered pub with bedrooms. After a while the reception-desk window was flung open and a furious face demanded: 'What's going on?'

Finally placated after such an intrusion, I was put in 'the new wing', a grubby Crimean barracks at the back: icy, cell-like room, peeling lino, narrow, sunken bed with limp greyish sheets. Breakfast: greasy cutlery, cracked cups, a pot of warm, mud-coloured liquid, and two shrivelled strips of bacon swimming in fat: I was home, all right.

Every traveller to the United States from this country should, twice a day, recall his last British hotel; this will reconcile him wonderfully, as he sits in his crisp, gay motel bedroom, to that 23-inch television set, the air-conditioning, the hi-fi, the six-hour laundry service, the superb bed, and the food served cheerfully during any of the twenty-four hours. There's no doubt that this traveller is the world's most fortunate; everything is geared to his easy, comfortable mobility. Any one of the thousands of garish motels scattered brilliantly along the highways offers accommo-

dation as good as—and probably better than—a *de-luxe* hotel in some European capital. Service will be bemused or non-existent, but everything will be there, built-in, functional, planned, and new-fashioned. The price will be a blow; but this, it must be remembered, is a country of £40-a-week typists and £3,000-a-year policemen.

Life will go smoothly and comfortably for the tourist, provided he's willing to conform, to accept the fact that everything on the menu is either canned or deep-frozen, to eat luscious green figs out of a tin, rather than a simple banana off a tree.

My theory that all food in the United States is cooked in one central kitchen and shipped everywhere has yet to be officially denied: the blueberry pie, those hamburgers, the scallops and chicken Maryland and symbolic steak, are everywhere the same. It is worth trying to order one of those marvellous green salads unaccompanied by the demand: 'Roquefort, thousand-isle or French?'

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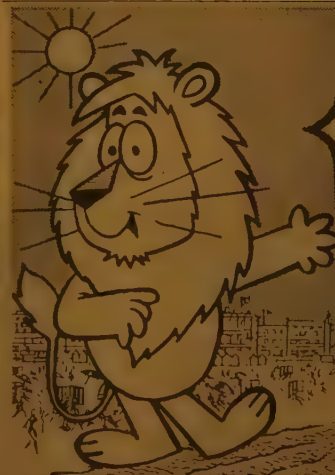
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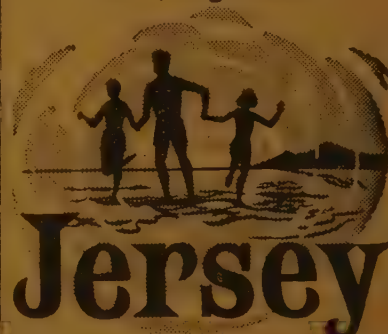
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that a king-sized jumbo Idaho potato is not just bigger than an ordinary potato, but inherently better. 'The biggest drugstore in the world' stands proudly self-acknowledged in the small Texas town of Midland, and in Houston you can struggle with your tray through 'the largest cafeteria in the world'. Both places assume the appeal of size, or they wouldn't make these boasts; forewarned, I avoided them.

The traveller must also be braced for the 'Hard Sell'. Today America labours under the enormous disadvantage of being over-sold: her packaging is brilliant, her advertising superb—but it boomerangs, with the result that everything, to the foreigner, is just a little bit disappointing. The advertisements in the magazines are so enticing, so splendid, that when you travel by the air line, ride in the car, or use the pen it comes as something of a let-down to find it just another excellent aircraft, car, pen.

Advertisements on television are particularly demanding, probing, cajoling, mainly because you can often view for up to twenty hours a day on nine channels; such viewing seems generally to be replacing baseball and sex, and leaves one equally numb. The Americans have no 'Tonight', no 'Panorama' or 'Monitor', and television fashions have drifted down through quizzes, westerns, thrillers, to the Roaring 'Twenties 'jag' of the moment, with half-hour cartoon-shows coming up fast at peak viewing hours: Bullwinkle, Rocky and his Friends, Top Cat, Alvin, each bright and full of inventive skill and—since the kids enjoyed it last year—increasing family Togetherness. Radio, of course, is at you day and night—though, surprisingly, the inevitable disc jockeys find excellent records to while away the hours, good arrangements of pleasant music.

The desperate anxiety of Americans to be liked—whether for reasons of business or habit—brings a remarkable overall pleasantness and a resultant lack of discrimination about such easily given friendship. Generally, let's admit it, they are rather nicer than us; in an 8,000-mile drive across the south-west, from Texas to California, I met no one who was disgruntled or offensive, not one unpleasant person. Yet, to be fair, I also met no one I feel I must meet again.

This is a great and amiable people, with an endearing determination not to call a spade a spade (could you ever bring yourself to say: 'Please direct me to the Comfort-Station?'). The ease with which one criticizes them is in itself a perverse flattery, as one criticizes a member of the family, by right of blood, and hesi-

tates so to presume about a foreigner. The ludicrous excesses, the Forest Lawns, the mink stoles over tight jeans over high heels, the pounding commercials, the synthetic fun, fade beside the abundance of easy likability.

I always look forward to my next visit; but I remind myself that I'm going to a country where it's easier to get a back-axe changed than a button sewn on, where a 'credit rating' is more important than money, and where the 'large' size is the smallest.

ALAN WHICKER

Prospective visitors will be entertained by Cynthia Lindsay's *The Climate of Lunacy* (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.) and assisted by a new guide book, *New Horizons U.S.A.*, compiled by Pan-American Airways (Deutsch, 16s.).

Benelux

BENELUX and the Common Market have healed some of the scars and divisions that war and dynasticism have inflicted on the Low Countries over the centuries. You may now drive over the frontier from Belgium into Holland with no more formality than an approving wave from the customs man. Yet the traveller who wakes up in Holland will never be in any doubt where he is. It remains one of the most obstinately characteristic of all countries. Yet its underlying characteristics are more than those surface features that guide books are apt to call 'quaint'—the canals, the windmills, the tulips, the clogs: and even these are strictly functional. Realists to a man, the Dutch are perhaps the least quaint of all peoples. It is one of the many merits of Mr. L. Russell Muirhead's *Blue Guide to Holland* (Benn, 32s.) to be very firm on this from the start. How can one praise too highly an editor who calls in the *doyen* of Dutch historians, Professor Geyl, learned parent of Benelux, to ensure the accuracy of his history? Who tips off the less affluent traveller about the merits of the *uitsmijter*, that delectable version of ham and eggs *plus*, whose existence and etymology are generally a Dutch secret? It would be difficult to better this scholarly account of the Dutch scene in width and depth. It is far more than the average English tourist—an idle fellow—deserves. Americans, who travel with more energy and intelligence, will appreciate its impeccable detail.

Belgium has not had a good press in recent times. Much of the comment she has had to endure has been slick, ignorant and unjust. Miss Thérèse Henrot begins her delightful sketch of Belgian history and institutions (*Belgium*, Vistabooks, 6s.) with a slightly defiant footnote: 'the author of this book is Belgian—and proud of it'. Who can blame her? Well informed, lively and penetrating, her little book is an excellent piece of reporting. She has an admir-



able sense of history, conveys a mass of information without ever being a bore, and has a rare gift of generalizing about national and local characteristics of groups of people without lapsing into inanity. This is not, in the strict sense, a tourist guide. But as an introduction for a reader who wants to understand this puzzling, divided country, with its distracted history and its brilliant heritage that runs from Breughel to Simenon, it carries conviction.

Mr. C. A. Thompson's *Guide to Belgium and Luxembourg* (Belux, 6s.) is of a different and more familiar order. But it is accurate and practical. If it is casinos, battlefields, beaches and good food you want, here they all are, plainly mapped, with timetables.

Taken together these three guides give a good impression of the variety of scene, food, arts and amusements the Netherlands (in the broad sense) offer the discriminating traveller. The Holland of baggy trousers, clogs, cigars the Englishman knows, or thinks he does. Belgium and Luxembourg he too often discusses as vaguely half-French or half-German, lacking well defined characteristics. This is merely one measure of our ignorance of a region that runs from the sandy spaces of Friesland, backcloth to the *Riddle of the Sands*, down to the ancient, mellow *pays sans frontière* where Liège, Maas-tricht, and Aachen, behind medieval glories, hide earlier monuments of Charlemagne and Rome: from the guildhalls and merchant palaces of the great western ports across to the forests and trout streams of the Ardennes. Here is an artistic tradition to embrace Rembrandt and van Gogh, de Keyser and Berlage, an intellectual continuity that runs from Erasmus to Huizinga. The astonishing thing is that a region that was for centuries the cross-roads of Europe and for long its cockpit should remain at once so various and so unique. Its fascination is endless.

CHARLES WILSON

No Heather Ale

IN THE WORLD of literature and pseudo-literature it is a recurrent source of marvel, at least to this reviewer, that publishers should—presumably—be able to visualize some sort of reading public for every book whose uniformed armies strut or stumble out of the stockroom. Yet to the layman the possibility of the majority meeting with an enthusiastic reception seems remote enough. One wonders whether publishers at their innumerable conferences have a clear mental picture of the typical reader of a book under discussion, saying to themselves 'Just the book for Aunt Katie, and there are thousands of Aunt Katies'; or is there perhaps some kind of Identikit by which the image of the probable reader is assembled and projected onto the wall of the board room?

Identikit for a slender volume of chocolate-box coloured photographs, title: *Scotland, Land of Colour* (by George Scott-Moncrieff, Oliver and Boyd, 12s. 6d.), blurb: 'The visitor cannot fail to be impressed by the great variety of scenery . . . wild, remote, grandeur . . .'. The face of a tourist, possibly transatlantic, takes shape on the screen, but it wears a puzzled expression, as well it may. The book was to my hand when a Mediterranean visitor asked me from which plant came heather honey. 'Er, I got me nowhere; I began feverishly to turn the pages of *The Land of Colour*. Highland cattle,

a stag (in green English parkland with English sheep in the background), but not one discernible sprig of heather among all these green leaves.

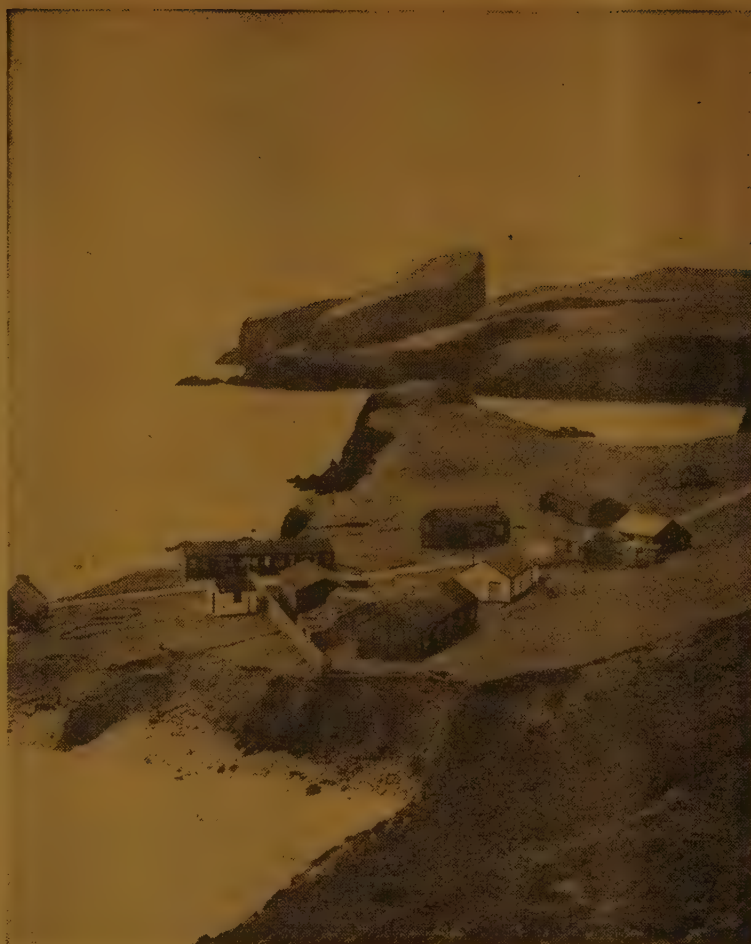
Still, a possible souvenir sale at the price, as is *The Story of Scotland* (Benn, 15s.), sixty pages divided, in the manner of a children's book, between text by Lawrence Stenhouse and inglorious aquatints by the not inaptly named illustrator B. Biro. A souvenir for Junior, perhaps, if he is below the critical age and the age of criticism. For double this expenditure the visitor to the Edinburgh Festival may carry home *Portrait of Edinburgh* (Batsford, 30s.), though here the text of the ubiquitous Mr. George Scott-Moncrieff has shrivelled away in deference to some hundred worthy but deplorably uninspired monochrome photographs (of a post-fall-out Edinburgh, perhaps, for the streets stretch away empty and desolate). The same face remains on the board room screen, and only becomes a little more alert and earnest when the publishers discuss the re-issue after nine years (the increased tourist trade warrants it) of Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's *The Scottish Islands* (Oliver and Boyd, 21s.), a satisfactorily illustrated and informative Baedeker. And the same face still, with a hint of the armchair traveller, for *The Far-Flung Isles* by Garry Hogg (Robert Hale, 21s.), an account of the Orkney and Shetland groups which is in part narrative and contains twenty-nine photographs (no less than eight of which include the back view of a lady who is presumably the author's wife, while two are marred by the back view of his car).

One might well expect the same Identikit for the title *By Yon Bonnie Banks* (Hutchinson, 21s.) but it is whisked away hurriedly when the name of the author is divulged as Maurice Lindsay, for even the portrait of the author on the back flap shows his tongue far into his cheek. The book is part historical, part descriptive, part polemic, but Mr. Lindsay is at his best as an intelligent and outspoken critic of the manners and ill-manners and customs of his countrymen. Whether or not his readers will share the burden of his final chapter title 'The Death of Scotland', all must surely agree that if her future is to be that of a playground for the non-Scot we should be able to produce something better by way of invitation than either the present run of touristic literature or the boorish lack of hospitality that Mr. Lindsay describes within his own experience.

GAVIN MAXWELL

Grandeur of Canada

MR. HORNE in *Canada and the Canadians* (Macmillan, 30s.) tells us that statistics make dull reading. He is right. Unfortunately his own pages are thick with them. Even the dust jacket twice records the number of miles he covered and the number of months it took him. Sandwiched between the figures is some interesting



Fair Isle

From 'The Scottish Islands'

information for 'would-be immigrants from Britain'. It was for such people that the author undertook his four months 'fact-finding tour'.

Not for a moment are we allowed to forget Canada's bigness and grandeur. The author is not like Voltaire who dismissed the country as a 'few acres of snow'. Canada is, in fact, forty times larger than Great Britain, which could fit six times into the Province of Quebec alone. This kind of comparison runs throughout the book where the immensity of one province is measured against that of another, and one city with another.

The book begins with a conversation between 'a well-dressed woman' sending off a parcel to Montreal and a postal clerk. To Mr. Horne's astonishment the clerk did not know Montreal's position in Canada. But when I once entered for the annual cross-country race at Royal Roads (a Service College in Canada) they did not know Ulster's whereabouts and thought it was a town in England. And this is the more surprising because as the author points out, Orangemen from Northern Ireland have left a heavy stamp on parts of Canada, although, while Orange Lodges still wield vast influence in places like Ontario, the mayor of Toronto is no longer obliged to be a Billy Boy.

When it comes to the new influences in Canada, the Dutch, Germans, and Hungarian or Jewish refugees, the book livens up. Well might the old Torontonians mutter 'one never hears English on Yonge Street these days'.

Quebec City, however, has avoided such changes, for though the historic Ursuline Convent is lit up by a garage neon sign 'Service With A Smile', the city's leading paper *Action*

Catholique won't advertise films since it considers films immoral. Contrariwise, in Montreal (still under the Code Napoléon—women must not own, buy, or sell property without their husband's consent, and they can still be 'corrected' by physical punishment!) you can take your choice among forty different sheets of erotica from pavement news-stands.

When Mr. Horne takes us out to the prairies he is at his best. Despite overdrawn passages, the facts about unemployment are illuminating, as are those about farming and prairie hospitality. I think the author is wrong, however, to regard as 'less than human' anybody who is 'not gripped by a sense of fear and awe' at the prairies' emptiness. This romanticism among statistics is odd—I was certainly being human in Alberta when I was a farm labourer sheltering under the stooked corn from hailstones so big that they 'killed the chickens and broke the windows'. It was even more human to long for Edmonton's brash city lights.

The author has got something when he says Edmonton is a city in which he would not like to be unemployed. But he writes better about its ugliness and raw frontier town atmosphere than he does about the 'majesty' of nineteenth-century Gothic Ottawa. While in Edmonton

I preferred to go to a bootlegger rather than take my permit along to the government liquor store.

Indians are forbidden liquor. But with cocktails of after-shave lotion or liquid boot polish filtered through bread, they are probably happier on their reserves than in the grim atmosphere of the men-only beer parlours. For in such places the customer can be 'bounced' for moving from table to table or even standing up with half a pint in his hand (pints are not allowed).

Mr. Horne visited a pig farmer in central Alberta and found that the landlord was hoping gravel would be found on his land, since gravel has a greater value on the prairies than pork. But ten years earlier, when I worked on the same farm, everyone was hoping similarly for oil. After I left, oil was found. But today many wells are capped in. Despite the world's largest pipeline (1,772 miles) Venezuelan oil is 25 cents a barrel cheaper than Albertan oil piped to the eastern seaboard.

Recent changes in the far north make sad reading. The author says that a muskrat pelt brought only 67 cents in 1954. The Hudson Bay Company (H.B.C.—Here Before Christ, as it is known) paid three dollars a pelt when I was there. This new situation must have brought great hardship to the Eskimos and Indians, especially since the introduction of synthetic furs. Even before this, an Eskimo's life expectancy was only twenty-nine years.

Like the Irish, the French Canadians have long memories. They neither forgave Madame de Pompadour for rejoicing over the loss of New France, nor Voltaire for celebrating it with a bonfire party.

ROBERT HARBINSON

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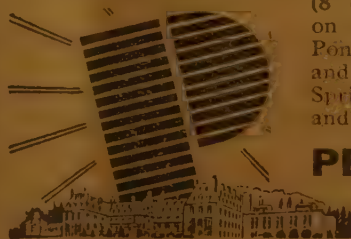
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High Averages

'THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE', said Orson Welles in the film *The Third Man*, 'gave us the greatest masterpieces of art... Switzerland has lived in peace for three centuries and what has she given us? The cuckoo clock'. M. Dominique Fabre in his account of *Switzerland* for Vista Books (6s.) calls Orson Welles's now classic comment the formulation of 'a deep-seated prejudice', but there is much in the rest of M. Fabre's book to support it. Switzerland, he writes, is the country of 'high averages' without outstanding architecture or outstanding novelists, whose native-born geniuses mostly emigrate. It is the country of the conformist with that powerful institution, the Swiss family, in the front rank of the conformist police. Idiosyncrasy is only tolerated if its profits can be counted in francs, and here the Swiss are not stupid. M. Fabre quotes as an instance of their far-sighted economic policies the official encouragement of chemical research unrelated to immediate industrial problems. Tax officers realize that the national profits produced by the successful practical application of one discovery will more than balance the costs of many more unsuccessful experiments.

M. Fabre finds that toleration, the great Swiss virtue, is the result of balanced dislike. Villages, towns, and cantons are rivals, united only by their common needs. Of the two biggest population groups, the German Swiss talk regretfully, but self-righteously, about the frivolity and unreliability of the French Swiss. The French are open about their contempt for German solidity and stupidity.

M. Fabre makes out an amusing case, and most visitors to Switzerland have their own stories to support him. I was cautioned in Zurich for parking a car with a Bern plate incorrectly, and the Zurich policeman muttered under his breath that nothing else could be expected from the yokels of the federal capital. My Bern friend commented sharply that if the Zurich policeman had expected to be bribed this was only typical of Zurich sharp practice. Another German Swiss friend visited her parents in their suburban home. The neighbours noticed extra sheets hanging out to dry, and told her how reprehensible it was that her daughter was still wetting her bed when all properly brought-up Swiss children were dry. She needed smacking into conformity, they advised kindly but firmly.

The Swiss virtues are unattractive. Cleanliness is a fetish. Houses are scrubbed daily, but good women are not expected to squander money on fancy food, permanent waves, or cosmetics. The Swiss are cautious, neutral, and balanced. Even the welcome of a Swiss hotel is graded according to the money the visitor is paying, not according to the cheerfulness

of the owner or the personality of his guest.

And yet all this is not the whole truth about Switzerland. Perhaps the rest of Europe is still working off its jealousy of the country that was not battered by two wars? Perhaps the bitterest critics of Swiss conformity are themselves Swiss? Many of them cannot even bear to live in Switzerland. They climb obscure and difficult mountains in South America. They travel as photographers or business men over the more dangerous countries of Asia and Africa. They build hospitals of mud bricks for Pakistani and Algerian refugees. Yet they remain cleaner and more practical than the other Europeans with them: less ready to borrow money they cannot pay back, less ready too to abandon those they are helping however ungrateful they turn out to be.

'Mad, but respectable', an American described to me the Swiss conscientious objector he was working with. This Swiss, after a spell in prison in Zurich for refusing to serve with the army, had bullied enough money out of his countrymen to build and run a school for one of the least attractive collections of Arab children a civil war could produce. The American, true to his own New England ancestry, thought him a not unworthy ideal for the rest of us bickering Europeans to follow.

LOIS MITCHISON

See also *With Your Car in Switzerland and Northern Italy*, by Rodney Walkerley (Muller, 12s. 6d.); *The Swiss Alps* by Vivian Green (Batsford, 30s.)



Mount Collon, near Arolla (Valais)

From 'The Swiss Alps' by Vivian Green (Batsford)

Haute Cuisine in the Devil's Kitchen

PEOPLE WITH superficial minds condemn gambling as an essentially arid pursuit; even if you win, they say, you merely get something for nothing, which is bad for your character, while if you lose it is pure waste. But this is to ignore a whole psychological treasury of terror, guilt, and perversity. Unwholesome gambling may be, but it is not arid. Take only one motive, and that the most commonplace, for gambling: desire to be punished. There is nothing arid in the deep, the almost sexual, satisfaction, which comes from an evening of steady and disastrous losses, and from the knowledge that the Roulette Wheel, that Mummy-Nanny figure, is dishing out the chastisement one so richly deserves. Still, since this kind of appeal often operates only at a subconscious level, I had better point to some of the more ostensible pleasures of gambling; and it so happens that among these is one that may amuse even non- or anti-gamblers—the charm of the gaming-rooms themselves.

Leave aside the actual implements of play—the cool, deep green of the cloth, the rainbow colours of the more valuable counters; leave aside the grim fascination of the personnel—those sleek, black figures, grouped about their tables like the gods lowering over Troy; and consider, if you will, the purely cultural amenities. Of course, these are not quite 'pure', as they are mostly designed to reassure or over-excite the potential gambler; but nevertheless they are of a certain interest and even value in themselves.

Take the fountain in the Casino at Aix-en-Provence. It is a pretty and well-mannered little fountain, situated between the Baccarat table and the highest *parti* at Roulette. Although it is not obtrusive, it somehow contrives to give an air of positively Roman amplitude to the proceedings—a pleasing and appropriate phenomenon in this part of the world. Or consider the chandeliers at Baden Baden. These, along with the almost unendurably sumptuous curtains, are maintained, one imagines, in order to put the ghosts at their ease, to be worthy of the shadowy Grand Dukes and to remind Dostoevsky of the splendours and follies in which he once took part with such relish and desperation. Or then again, there is the vulgarity of the murals in the Casino on the Venice Lido; what is so special about these is that their vulgarity is purposeful and urgent, the vulgarity of a Casanova who is determined to catch and hold one's attention by his sheer frightfulness (by obscene self-exposure if necessary, a typically Venetian form of behaviour).

At Kitzbühel there is carefully calculated *gemütlichkeit* which soothes hockey mistresses on skiing hols. At Mentone there is a deliberate neglect, a contrived

decay, which is thought to be sympathetic to the English widows and naval officers who have gone there to die. (There is also a feature which makes a strong appeal to the English sense of rectitude—an enormous notice which explains, in great detail, what will happen to people who cash stumper cheques at the *Caisse*.) At Nice the decor gives one a cosy, bourgeois feeling, as though it were always tea-time. And at San Remo there is—or used to be—a curious spiky *motif*, which could be either an assertion of Italian virility or a hypnotic device to confuse the unwary.

But the Queen—the Empress—of all Casinos is the one at Monte Carlo, and its cultural contribution reflects its standing. Once inside the Salles Privées here, one is deftly carried back into the Edwardian age, into the year, say, when His Majesty's Minoru won the Derby. There is an atmosphere of plush and garters, of expensive mistresses whom one can enjoy in one's private cubicle between the courses at dinner and who will afterwards lose important sums at the centre table. There is an air of Barney Barnato, of diamonds, of fraud, of Horatio Bottomley and strong new Jewish faces. But there is also an air of something calmer and more discreet: of leisure, of stable currencies, of proper authority in the proper hands; even, although one is in Monaco, of long, untroubled days of cricket and soldiers in scarlet walking with nursemaids in the park. For the Edwardians loved Monte Carlo and many of their attitudes and tastes have lingered there; one would not be surprised to lift one's face from the play and see the Jersey Lily crossing the carpet, or the young Augustus John. . . . So you see, a visit to the gaming rooms can really be quite edifying if you go in the right state of mind; and even if the cultural qualities of the place elude you, you can always punish yourself for coming by inviting that great Mummy-Goddess, the roulette wheel, to give you a good spank.

SIMON RAVEN

The Spanish Scene

ONCE AGAIN Professor Evans-Pritchard introduces an anthropological book on Spain and once again it is a quite exceptional work. The layman's reservations that I have about it are, in an extremer form, those that I have about its predecessor, Julian Pitt Rivers's *The People of the Sierra*. They are, largely, reservations about anthropology.

But first, praise where praise is due. Mr. Michael Kenny's *A Spanish Tapestry: Town and Country in Castile* (Cohen and West, 25s.) is a most painstaking and minute analysis of a village in the mountains of Soria and of a section of Madrid. There is one howler about the numbers and composition of the police but, otherwise, so far as I am competent to check him, his knowledge of his subject is deep, detailed and accurate. Yet I believe that Spanish society has necessarily eluded him. Necessarily, because Spain has a great and subtle literature of her own and, at its heights, it is often the anthropologist's question that it is posing:



what is the nature of man, what, specifically, is the condition of man on Iberian soil?

It so happens, for instance, that Camillo Cela has written a novel, called *La Abeja, The Beehive*, about the quarter of Madrid which Mr. Kenny has studied. In that book Cela avowedly sets out to show that the great city reduces its clerks and tarts and lottery-ticket sellers to insects but, as Thomas Mann put it, 'it does not lie within the nature of art to leave the arena with scornful laughter'. Scornful laughter is the last thing Mr. Kenny is capable of—his style indeed could do with some leaven—but, because he examines men's functions in society without going into the mass of varied individual reactions to those functions, he overrates the importance of function in individual life, and so his portrait of the society that those individuals make up is, ultimately, a satire.

Pitt Rivers, with greater literary gifts, avoided the danger or rather, when he slipped into it, corrected himself by numerous concrete portraits of individuals. It was the sum of those portraits and of hard concrete incidents that modified his generalizations. Even so the portrait of the society that he was examining emerged, as in

literature it nearly always does, through the implied, rather than through the attempt to abstract.

This sort of statement of Mr. Kenny's, for instance, in so far as it is not contained in the meaning of the word 'city', is contradicted by so many individual responses to Madrid that ultimately it must be looked at through the individual, through art, to make any sort of human sense:

The fact that they [brothels] flourish suggests that urban standards tolerate, if not condone, infractions of the moral code because of a protective anonymity impossible in the pueblo. It is one more illustration of the saying 'the law is obeyed but not fulfilled'—part of the covert re-

action to authority. The sereno explained it by a shrug, adding 'life is difficult—one must live somehow'.

Mayhew, or Perez Galdos, would have given us ten pages of that sereno and 'part of the covert reaction to authority' would have ceased to be a vague abstract concept. After ten such interviews we would be able to judge for ourselves exactly what it meant and, more important, how it varied from individual to individual.

Nevertheless this is a very good book. Mr. Kenny peeps out sometimes from under his labels and, when he does, there is something of the Grand Meaulne about him, conducting us to his secret kingdoms. I hope in his next book he will allow feeling more play, for sense-data, even to the anthropologist, is not available to the mind alone.

After this, two amiable books and one that, I am afraid, is 'with it'. Ten million tourists are expected in Spain next year. Here, to cater for them, are *The Road to Lisbon* by Vivian Rowe (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 21s.), *The Road to Barcelona* by Stanley Baron (same publisher, same price), and *Four Fair Isles*, which deals



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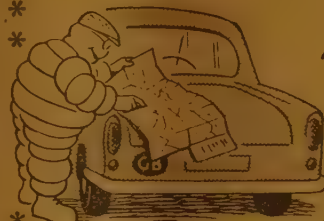
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with the Balearics, by Patrick Pringle (Evans, 6s.). The first two agreeably inform you about the country you drive through—oxen of the colour of café au lait, Galicia, the Ireland of Spain: Mr. Rowe writes with informed worldliness; the towns, the provinces, the castles, the rivers flash by. About them all there is something to inform and amuse; it is even worth stopping the car for the week-end sometimes.

To me, Mr. Baron is altogether more *simpatico*. He, too, takes you down through France into the Peninsula, his technique is similar, his research no deeper, but the humanity is warmer and, in place of worldliness, there is wonder and appreciation and indignation, a sense of place and a sense of history.

Finally, two books about wine and one about Seville. Julian Jeffs's *Sherry* (Faber, 36s.) is written with gusto and fortified with great erudition. Here you may learn everything from the characteristics of the various soils and the chemical formulae involved to the machinations of Ruskin's father and the alternative name of the Palomino grape. The history of the English Jerez merchants is here from the sixteenth century. Tenacious as barnacles, they have clung on through wars, inquisitions, and the ups and downs of trade; a peppery, traditional, huntin', shootin', fishin', Josh Sedley lot. The book is dedicated to the memory of Don Guido Williams, that much-fabled Squire Weston figure who was Vice-Consul in Jerez for forty years. But there was a gentleness about him that Mr. Jeffs does not possess. Perhaps he feels less secure. There are times, indeed, when the book begins to seem to be as much about the evils of the last Labour Government in England as about wine.

In *Madeira* (Putnam, 21s.) by Rupert Croft-Cooke, the relation between man and subject is not so umbilical, but it is a good twenty-one shillings' worth all the same. An old pro, Mr. Croft-Cooke has read it all up and drunk it all down and trots it all up and does not pretend to have done anything more. This will undoubtedly remain the standard book on Madeira wine till the next old pro gets on to a Union Castle boat with a publisher's contract in his pocket. Whenever I read Mr. Croft-Cooke I always wish he'd put his talent into less ephemeral things.

From the wine lodges of the English merchants to the indigenous ascendancy in Seville: Barbara Borbolla's account of fifteen years' married life in that city (*Mantillas and Me*, Herbert Jenkins, 21s.) makes a book almost aggressively without mind, an upper-middle-class book about servants and children and concrete-rempts and happiness. Her range is narrow. Much, even most, of the Sevillian, let alone the Spanish, reality is outside it, but it would be foolishly committed to complain, for, a lark-happy English woman married to a Spaniard, she cannot help writing, quite naturally, of Spaniards as they are, which is more than any of these other writers reviewed can do.

She makes, of course, the most hair-raising Kensington statements, but so did Count Rostow, and, reading her brief oyster, I found myself constantly, if incongruously, reminded of Tolstoy. One of his deepest notes is sounded here and behind it another; it is the music that Chekhov brought to perfection in *The Cherry Orchard*: the middle class is at picnic, the well bucket sounds.

MARTIN SHUTTLEWORTH

Experiencing India

Nice people do not necessarily write good travel-books, but there is something in the evident



Manipuri dancers

From 'A Time in India'

amiability of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Smith which ensured that their journeys in the northern parts of India and then down the east coast to the different south would be worth writing about (*A Time in India*, Macdonald, 30s.). Equipped with unprejudiced and well-mannered curiosity, and happily with limited funds, this American couple travelled, thus discovering that 'in India things go wrong, and, being wrong, become right'. Plans collapse, the unplanned beautifully succeeds. 'With two different concepts of time, action, thought, and purpose running at each other blindfolded, there's no telling what will happen, or why, or how'.

The effects of such a cosmic collision may be felt, of course, by the airborne or air-conditioned visitor in fuming transit between luxury hotels. But they are more likely to be understood, accepted into the pattern of the whole experience, by those who must study the ways of country buses, and hump their knapsacks while they bargain with a tonga-driver, and wait cold and hungry among the shrouded sleeping figures at a railway station until an anonymous and inevitable voice will ask: 'I may be of assistance?' The impossible situations and the marvellous kindness are as vivid in Mr. Ross Smith's well-woven narrative as the temples and the palaces and the bathing-ghats.

It is these orthodox, though not invariably accessible, travel-spots that mark Mr. Ross Smith's map. There is a remarkable chapter, it

is true, about a Calcutta riot, seen through a temperament that can deal with tear-gas as it can memorize a landscape moving into night as seen from the step of an empty inter-class compartment. There are no dams and steelworks and community development projects, no interviews with politicians. The litter of contemporary 'facts' is for other books, and the few that stray into these pages are not always correct. But the true service of a travel-book, and for India of all countries, is simply to find one's way in. This is Mr. Ross Smith's unforced intent. If his writing seems now and then to run away with him, he never falls into the pseudo-mystical. He is receptive, but not sentimental. He provokes argument,

no doubt, but less because of any set of hypotheses than because he, like us, is concerned to find out. 'There is no more mystery in the East than there is ignorance in the West'. *A Time in India* seems to me one of the best books of its kind since Austin Coates's *Invitation to an Eastern Feast* of nearly a decade ago.

In one short visit to the north-eastern tribal area Mr. Ross Smith touches the same geographical ground as Mr. Gibbs, whose account of *The Hills of India* (Jarrolds, 25s.) starts in Iran and explores several sections of the great mountain-barrier (if that word can indeed still be used) which today exhibits a new and little-understood significance. It is an efficient and conscientious piece of modern reporting, urgent with factual observation and supported by considerable historical reading. Mr. Gibbs has no misgivings about brisk movement, but he is the one person

in the aircraft who will join the air-hostess in rapt contemplation of the high snows. His interest in people, his faith that with the proper help India can survive the perils that threaten her, are patent. It is only in contrast with the particular flavour of Mr. Ross Smith's book that Mr. Gibbs is seen to be dealing in abstractions: the necessary abstractions of the journalist and political commentator which themselves produce a style of editorial didacticness. Perhaps we should all be analysing the communist penetration of the Himalaya more closely than we usually find time for. Perhaps there are moods in which India's problems can be presented in devastatingly simple terms of religion and sex. It will do no one any harm to absorb Mr. Gibbs's lively excursion into matters which, for our own generation, are vital. But it may leave him just a little cold.

FRANCIS WATSON

The Mountain World: 1960-61 (Allen and Unwin, 32s.), the bi-annual record published by the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research, is a succinct account of important expeditions and first ascents of peaks outside the Alps, ranging from the Himalayas to the Polar regions. It also contains a number of articles of general mountain interest. The high standard set in previous volumes has been maintained, and the book is a great credit to Swiss printing craftsmanship: maps, diagrams, and illustrations are all admirable. For all those who do not wish to bother with detailed reports, but who like to keep up with what has been going on in the world of mountain exploration, this book is indispensable. The English version, edited by Mr. Malcolm Barnes, is excellent in every way.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Adventure and Discovery

ON JANUARY 7 Sir Compton Mackenzie (seventy-nine), 'in bed because he goes to sleep when reading in a chair', was 'Face to Face' with John Freeman as entertainingly as ever. With a weeping eye, a young man's nose, and the wrinkles of a life full of laughter, joy, and sorrow, he spoke out of a plenitude of experience and imagination inextricably blended. I was glad that John Freeman did not try to probe too deep, because the only time he did, he showed he was probing wrong. The vintage Mackenzie is post-first-world-war: *Vestal Fire*, *Extraordinary Women*, and the volumes of war-time memories. I say this, even though *Sinister Street*, especially the first volume, supported me when I was at St. Paul's School a quarter of a century after Mackenzie.

What a relief it was to end the programme with the background of Compton Mackenzie's books instead of having him mummified back into Topolskis!

'Adventure' (January 4) and 'Discovery' (January 5) were both most exciting. I have never been to the Peruvian Andes, but 'The Peaks of Peru' showed me the conditions of peon life which I read in my father's diary for 1906, together with a mountain ascent of superb courage. (But surely 'hacienda' is not aspirated in Peru.)

The second Galapagos instalment of 'Discovery', 'In the Steps of Darwin', was even more fabulous than the first, with its study of an uninhabited island where no animal life is afraid of man and an inhabited island where the evolution of finches gave Darwin the clue to his theory of evolution.

The programmes at the beginning of the week were infected by the New Year. I had read Dr. Tom Margerison's article in the *Sunday Times* (December 31) on the breaking of the Genetic Code, and on January 1 I began to watch his explanation of the same thing with great interest. By the time he had expounded it to Cliff Michelmore, I realized that I had been wrong in thinking I understood it—the day before. The word 'cat' got too interrupted

with 'G.H.' and black geometrical patterns.

Still I didn't mind much as my code and my family's was already written in years ago. But on January 2, in 'Challenge', a confident retrospect of the scientific achievements of 1961 and prospect of 1962 explained it all over again. Dr. Crick, who publicity-wise appeared the kingpin, was now announced as the colleague (or perhaps subordinate) of Dr. Brenner, who explained it quite differently. No 'cats', no 'G.H.', no black geometrical patterns. Just a man, gently stressing it wasn't Dr. Crick's discovery so much as his, with Dr. Crick in the



Sir Compton Mackenzie 'Face to Face' with John Freeman

team. We had a glimpse of those very complicated hat-stands which represent 'D.N.A.' and a tape-recorder which directed a fret-saw to cut a crude jig of a human shape.

I am not a scientist. And so I could not decide whether the incredibly crude analogy from electronic mechanisms to heredity was just a popular metaphor (in which case it was misleading) or part of the new theory (in which case the theory is halted for lack of a new language).

'Challenge' had six items for sixty minutes, any one of which could have been expanded better to occupy an hour. The digest technique can deprive one of roughage.

'Panorama' (January 1) devoted itself to the future of the United Nations. It shocked me that this should be necessary, even though the enormous creation of small new African and



From 'Panorama': a starving child in the Congo drinking milk distributed by the World Health Organization and Unicef

Asian nations has so altered the balance of U.N. General Assembly voting. Lord Gladwyn, who has practical experience of this imperfect human organization begotten in idealism and reared in intrigue, convinced me that there was no chance of changing the U.N. We have to put up with it as it is. But, having said that, I realize the appalling difficulties. In the studio was an unrepresentative (because student) cross-section of the Afro-Asian peoples to whom Richard Crossman played like a conjurer and whom Lord Lambton antagonized and Lord Gladwyn puzzled. Listening to it, I felt utterly lost, because it was so incomplete a sum. Where were the U.S.A., the Soviet Union, Communist China? The future of the U.N. resides with all these, far more than with Lord Lambton or Mr. Crossman.

But I was glad that some attempt had been made not merely to show what the U.N. Specialized Agencies have done—Unesco, W.H.O., F.A.O., and all those other formidable arrays of capital letters supported by international experts—but also to show what the U.N., with all its mess and squabbles, had achieved to keep the cold war peaceful in the last sixteen years. What Sarajevos, what Danzigs, what disasters we have avoided, while decrying the impotence of what we would like U.N. to be!

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

DRAMA

Love and Success

IT HAD NOT occurred to me that rising young politicians who remain unmarried might be suspected by their constituents or by the masters of their party of being in love with married women. But then there was much in *Affairs of State*, by Louis Verneuil (December 31), which I found surprising. It seemed odd that Constance Russell (Maxine Audley) should pick on her niece (Zena Walker) as the required wife-in-name-only of her lover. Amorous aunts should be careful in drawing attention to differences between generations.

The politics were also a little puzzling for those whose trade is not Cabinet-making. Do ambitious Conservatives need clever little wives to explain to them that if they keep taking a strong anti-government line on education they may not get the next party promotion they require? Granting that this play aimed at being no more than matinee nonsense, with a transformation scene for Zena Walker from earnest mouse to glamour puss, I found it depressingly thin. There were similarities to *What Every*



From 'Challenge': left, model of what is believed to be a living organism from another planet found in a meteorite; right, a tape-controlled machine tool cutting the figure of a man—an analogy of the way in which 'D.N.A.' passes instructions to the working parts of a human cell

John Cura

Woman Knows, though that was more up to date politically.

Means To An End, by John Rowan Wilson (January 7)—also a 'Sunday-Night Play'—was another thin ghost of a play with a vague and muddy theme of love and success. Its model appeared to be one of those faintly liberal films which Hollywood allowed to be produced in the nineteen-thirties. A couple of young American executives suspect dirty work in the foreign activities of their firm. It is, indeed, furtively dealing with communist countries in forbidden goods. In turn they investigate, speak up, are smacked down, and finally nobly persist. But the hero (David Knight) has a little more character permitted to him. He is the son of a fairly villainous father and has personally failed as an artist, and he can get into complications about enjoying power for its own sake. They didn't seem to mean much, however, and at the end we were left wondering whether the business would continue to be illegal in a new way and agreeing heartily with the heroine that the hero was unfit for marriage.

The Secret Thread (January 5) was based on a novel by Ethel Vance, but firmly and with justification called itself 'a television play' by Duncan Ross. As is to be expected from Ross, it had visual quality—a sense of place and atmosphere and time of day. It also had the sense of individual character which grows from the documentary approach. Arnold Reed (Marius Goring), as a novelist born in the East End who has dried up after writing indignant underdog reporting fiction before the war, made a good sentimental visitor to the dockland of the present. The shrewd but garrulous and drunk night-watchman Harry (Richard Bird) was a good invention. His quotations from Shaw on politics and prosperity were unforced and to the point, and his own 'philosophizing' credible.

The three members of the younger generation—Gus, Tony, and Ida—were sharply distinguished as people and not presented as specimen delinquents to be explained on simple sociological grounds. Tony, the boss (Brian Bedford), was particularly good in his universal suspiciousness and jumpy talent for self-criticism. One became anxious, more for the inefficiently lying

Ida (Ann Lynn) than for the novelist. But over and above the simple requirements of the thriller, the production was interesting. Its best passages were the beginning walk through silent streets and the trick use of that appalling little toy bear bumping around banging its cymbals.

The Offer (January 5), latest in Alan Simpson and Ray Galton's series, again established a couple of characters very pleasantly and hinted at a situation. But this is uncomfortably incomplete. The miserly father of the rag-and-bone-man business (Wilfrid Brambell) became so dislikeable that one wanted his exploited but undeceived son to get away and found his frustration and defeat painful. The scene in which the two stock up their 'cellar' with

cess to the complementary efforts of sound engineers, the cast, the producer, and the composer, who combined to interpret the author's initial inspiration. When interpretation seems to meet completely the author's original proposal it is hard to single out any members of the 'orchestra' which has performed the work, and one defers on such occasions to the author alone. Mr. MacNeice was, I think, in fact too humble; and I would say the same of Jean Morris if she complained that Michael Bakewell and his cast in *Sonata Form of Words* (Third, January 2) had not gained deserved mention. Her idea involved a woman music teacher thinking, while teaching a class, of the alternative men in her life. As was natural to a teacher of music the

two men appeared in her mind as the two subjects in a sonata form, and the argument for and against each of them followed the strict pattern of that form. The piece ended with a resolution of the two subjects, and the manifestation of a coda which left her rejecting both the first subject, a hearty schoolmaster, and the second, a culture-hunting garage owner. On paper this doesn't sound like very much, but the balance of Elizabeth Poston's music, the chant of the teacher's pupils, and the wit of a dialogue which threw out allusive images without once departing too far from the original metaphor of the piece, made this play memorable. Miss Morris is a virtuoso in the MacNeice class, and in the interpretation of her piece she was as well served by Mr. Bakewell as Mr. MacNeice was when he produced *Let's Go Yellow* himself.

The other play which invited a similar critical

approach was Mollie Hardwick's spectacular dramatization of *The Chimes* (Home, December 30), a short story by Charles Dickens, which was produced by Charles Lefeaux and relished with Christopher Whelen's music. Partly because of the story's setting and partly because of the way in which it was handled, it invited comparison with that seasonal classic, Peter Gurney's *The Foundling*, which was heard again in the Third Programme on December 31. Miss Hardwick was no timid adapter here, and she embellished Dickens's story very imaginatively. Once again it would be hard to particularize in praising an effort that was so entirely collective.



The Temperance Seven

dregs from old bottles was brilliantly funny. But the ending was too heavy for the sketch to carry. Narrowing these half-hours to two characters is sensible, and the script-writers are varying their chosen couples boldly and well. I hope the experiment may continue until a working form has been hammered out.

The most completely satisfactory job in light entertainment for a month was the quarter hour provided by 'The Temperance Seven' (January 3). These gentlemen performed 'Pasadena' and 'Hard-hearted Hannah' with precision, detachment, and style. It may well be that there is mockery in their simulation of certain fashions of the nineteen-thirties, but parody is impossible without a basis of admiration for its object. More clowning, even more talk, could kill this excellent act. I regret, as it is, that Mr. Paul McDowell should have put aside his megaphone—even though its disappearance gives us a clearer view of his complete lack of facial expression.

FREDERICK LAWS

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Collective Achievements

LOUIS MACNEICE took me to task last week for failing to acknowledge the individual contributions made by the members of his cast to the success of his *Let's Go Yellow* (Third, repeated January 6). I own to the fault of omission, but find that the experience of listening to two other plays in the past week presents me with a plea of mitigation. Both these plays owed their suc-



Ann Lynn as Ida and Marius Goring as Arnold Reed in *The Secret Thread*



Harry H. Corbett as Harold Steptoe in *The Offer* in the series 'Comedy Playhouse'

Continuing this celebration of the sovereignty of the author, it is relevant to the kind of treatment meted out to Shakespeare by some producers to note that *Twelfth Night* (Home, January 6) was given its due by Val Gielgud and Cedric Messina. The fashion of seeking a new interpretation at all costs was here ignored, and Messrs. Gielgud and Messina gave the play straight. John Pullen spoke any necessary stage directions quietly and left the players to get on with this intimate romp for a Baroque Saturnalia. Jimmy Edwards played Sir Toby Belch and Heron Carvic Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and I had feared some solo performances of the kind which too often deprive audiences of an appreciation of the dramatic balance of Shakespeare's work. But Mr. Edwards spoke his lines with verve and a knowing humour, and gave an impression, which is not always given by contemporary actors, of understanding the words he was speaking. His cue was taken by all, and it was a joy to savour the play not as a farce or a pageant but as the masque which it is.

The play has too often been performed to the wrong scale, and the limitations placed upon it by being performed on the radio made a discovery of its true scale possible. It was possible to appreciate not only the lines but to imagine at last the conditions under which it was performed 362 *Twelfth Nights* ago. This kind of understanding is most valuable, and it seems from this example that Shakespearean producers could give it to us quite easily if they would cease hunting fresh interpretations and would instead concentrate on giving us the words plain.

Redmond Macdonogh's *Five Days to Friday* (Light, January 3) proved compulsive listening and contained an unexpected final twist. A hard-bitten Canuck, his back broken and facing death from wolves in the Canadian tundra, tells his tenderfoot English companion who will not leave his side that he blew up a mine to kill his partners to a claim. The Englishman then agrees to leave him in the snow and to take a letter with him to the nearest Mountie post. When he reaches safety he fears that the letter will accuse him of desertion but it reveals that the older man had deliberately lied to force him to leave him in the snow. The wolves were great.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD



'Breaking-in'

'BREAKING-IN' to any field of creative work is hard, especially for young people. Hard work is the only way—if one is allowed to get in and work. What kind of advice would one offer a young friend with a similar problem? I think we had the answer in adequate simple terms in the *Light Programme* (December 31) when Carl Foreman, the film producer, was interviewed by teenagers in 'Let's Find Out'. This, the first of a new series produced by Edward Taylor, began well. Mr. Taylor is to be congratulated on his choice of speakers. Foreman was forthright in his answers to innumerable questions. When asked how he had broken into the film world, he admitted that he had hung around the studios for three years doing odd jobs in the 'lower grades'. He couldn't get in because he hadn't had any experience, and he couldn't get the experience because he couldn't get in. During the war he went into a film-producing unit for the Forces and one assumes he has never looked back.

The questions were probing, the answers direct. Censorship, production costs, effects,

McCarthyism, artistic temperament, a National Film School for Britain. It was a lively discussion which showed the interest young people are taking in the New Wave of realistic cinema; they want to see daily life as they know it, transposed on to the screen in terms they can understand. Mushy sentimentalism is out. The success of *Room at the Top*, and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, was the first sign of this trend towards realism. And yet . . . Can the British cinema compete with the harshness of *Rififi*, the intensity of *Rocco*, or the splendid seductiveness of *La Dolce Vita*? My nervous system reacts violently to one of the 'Carry On', or 'Doctor' series after the latest Visconti, Antonioni, or Ingmar Bergman. Carl Foreman suggested that what Britain needed was a National Film School, where young people would learn the craft of the cinema and thus introduce new blood into our cinema industry. Perhaps Mr. Foreman might help put this school into action—he handled the youngsters skilfully with a genuine interest. And it is this interest which they will respond to if they have the ambition.

Films and theatre are an important force in our society, and it is the younger people who now have the money to spend on entertainment. Films first perhaps, but with names like O'Toole, Finney, etc., names that are headlines, the theatre will be drawing in the younger audiences as do the cinemas. On January 1 (Third), in 'A Producer Prepares', we heard Michel Saint-Denis discuss his production of Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*, in the company of his Algerian-born designer, Abd'elkader Farrah. Saint-Denis compared Chekhov to Vuillard in painting—'It is impressionistic . . . Farrah and I spent many hours in Paris studying Vuillard's paintings'. The transposition of the play from Stratford-on-Avon to the Aldwych Theatre presents many technical problems, but it was precisely these problems that attracted Saint-Denis and his designer from the first. From such a close collaboration the results should be highly successful.

Richard Strauss once wrote to Stefan Zweig, 'Politics cannot last forever, but Art will'. I agree, but in 'A World of Sound' (Home Service, January 5) the recorded voice of David Lloyd George made me realize how powerful the voice of politics really is. Or was it the voice of one particular politician? With an audience to provide the 'hewyl', that brand of inspiration which is peculiarly Welsh, Lloyd George was nothing short of magnificent. It was pure, unadulterated music, and Macaulay was right when he wrote that 'the object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion'. Yet alone, sitting in front of a microphone, Lloyd George was not the 'spell-binder' one had imagined.

It's a long jump from persuasive politicians to shop-keeping. 'The Way We Live Now' (Home Service, January 3), conducted a survey into the shopping habits of 'the nation of shopkeepers'. René Cutforth interviewed both the customer and the shop-keeper. I haven't much space to devote to the intricate question, automation or personal service? I prefer the latter, or perhaps I have been extraordinarily lucky. In Mallorca, the one and only self-service store was hardly used—with whom would one exchange the latest gossip? The little shop, overcrowded, dark, and even under-stocked, always won. Back in England I live in a village in Kent which has only one shop but they specialize in personal service. Everything is delivered to my door. Nothing is too much trouble; I can have my favourite brand of olives and on a special occasion a bottle of V.S.O.P. brandy: all this with a friendliness which automation has killed off in the larger towns.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC



'The Magic Flute'

A DAMPENING academic cloud hung over the new Covent Garden production of *Zauberflöte* (Third, January 4). If ever there was an opera that demands a fresh and original approach it is this symbolical allegory of Mozart's last years. Instead, a lumbering performance was given, so intent upon some kind of illusory fidelity to an outworn tradition that the impression was created that Covent Garden had lost faith in its *Zauberflöte*. As I listened to the work in the theatre even the overture failed to set the audience aglow. The fire and sparkle in the opening fugue were already half extinguished; and as the evening wore on the marvellous score was enlivened by very little zest. Joan Sutherland was acceptable in the Queen of the Night's two arias (transposed), and although the general vocal standard was commendable there was no arresting characterization. Joan Carlyle as Pamina came near to Mozart's fantastic conception of the Queen's daughter.

It is certain that a bold approach is imperative not only to the production but to the whole literary, musical and psychological purpose of *Zauberflöte* if it is not to sink back into a period imbroglio. Yet what should be the inspiration of this new approach? In fairness to Covent Garden it must be confessed that we do not know. Nor were we greatly encouraged to believe that the secret of a vital revival of *Zauberflöte* would ever be found by the eminent producer's description of the work of Mozart and his librettist as 'an incomprehensible cosmic plot'.

The great Mozartians of an earlier time had other ideas. Alfred Einstein declared that the long stretches of spoken dialogue should be radically re-written, as indeed were the dialogues in *Freischütz* and *Carmen*. Over fifty years ago Edward Dent who, with Beecham and Shaw, assumed the role of an illuminating *philosophe* in his approach to Mozart, wrote a lucid analysis of the symbolism and obscure historical associations of *Zauberflöte*. In this analysis, now apparently forgotten, Dent pointed out that Tamino was an impersonation of Mozart and that the Queen of the Night was the Empress Maria Theresa. It is possible that the plot would acquire more significance with these facts brought into the foreground. In any case, Dent was fully aware of the problems that the strange allegory would set to modern listeners and urged that only an English version would enable listeners to enter into the almost surrealist fantasies of the bird-catcher Papageno with his panpipes and magic bells. This was in 1911. What sense can there be at this time of day in compelling an English cast to speak Schikaneder's lines in eighteenth-century German?

I fancy that most people are normally content to regale themselves with the music of *Zauberflöte* and to put the libretto down as a jumble of far-fetched absurdities. That this notion should have persisted is understandable, but it is also likely to make a mockery of a highly complex achievement of which we seem to have lost the clue. *Zauberflöte* was obviously an opera bursting the eighteenth-century framework. Many writers took this view, from Mozart himself to Shaw, and apparently the many interwoven episodes had, in earlier times, a significance that now eludes us. Mozart approved of Salieri's conception of *Zauberflöte* as something more than an opera, an *operone* worthy to be performed at the greatest festival and before the greatest monarch. The episodes, confusing to present-day listeners, branch out into the magic world of *The Tempest* and, when Tamino's flute lures the beasts of the wilderness, into the legend of Orpheus. Aspects of almost every branch of

European mythology have at one time or another been read into this compendium of pre-romantic opera. A mid-nineteenth-century writer, Blaze de Bury, put forward an enchanting vision of Pamina as 'a princess of Racine lost in a fairy-tale'. Liszt, probably thinking of the ordeals of fire and water from which Tamino and

Pamina are protected by the sound of the magic flute, declared that Wagner's *Ring* would eventually become the *Zauberflöte* of its time, which in a sense it did, while Shaw interpreted the innocent Papageno as the prototype of Parsifal.

Can we ever hope to recast this extraordinary symbolical extravaganza? *The Tempest*,

Orpheus, Parsifal—a *Magic Flute* predominantly allied to one of these legends would be enough. Unfortunately, the present-day cult of authenticity and historical accuracy allows works of the past to be restored but less often to be re-interpreted: a pity, for that way lies mummification.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

Marschner and German Romantic Opera

By MOSCO CARNER

A programme of Marschner's music will be broadcast at 7.10 p.m. on Sunday, January 14 (Third)



WITH HIS *Freischütz* Weber may be said to have set the tone for early German romantic opera. That the work was national in subject-matter and in some of its musical facts, is part of the definition of German romanticism, but what is equally important is that in drawing on the supernatural element as an essential dramatic ingredient Weber incorporated another feature of romanticism: the escape from reality into the world of the fantastic, dream-like, and mysterious. True, eighteenth-century opera, notably French *opéra-comique*, showed romantic traits in plenty, and *Die Zauberflöte* merely represents the supreme example of the numerous stage works with supernatural subjects then in vogue in Germany under the influence of Gozzi's dramatic fables.

Yet there was a difference of essential approach between these early specimens of musical romanticism and the later German operas. While the eighteenth-century composers treated the marvellous and fantastic largely as a *jeu d'esprit*, as an entertainment to heighten the spectacular character and dramatic effectiveness of the plot, Weber and his German contemporaries conceived of the supernatural as something to be taken in all seriousness as a true and valid constituent of the drama. It is an attitude that today strikes us as unbelievably and disarmingly naïve and childish, but it was precisely from this attitude that largely stems the imaginative power and musical strength of *Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*. For Weber the compact between Samiel and Kaspar and the horrific doings in the Wolf's Glen were as real as Emma's ghost hovering over the tomb, Huon's magic horn, and Rezia's fantastic adventures, and it was for these scenes that he invented some of his most inspired music.

Heinrich Marschner followed Weber in this approach with *Der Vampyr* (1828) and *Hans Heiling* (1833), but with this difference that he concentrated almost exclusively on the macabre and horrific, imitating the *Schauerromantik* of contemporary German plays such as Grillparzer's *Die Ahnfrau*. In *Der Vampyr*, whose libretto is based on a fragmentary novel by Byron (or rather his secretary-physician Polidori), the bloodsucking creature in human shape is Lord Ruthven who is granted by the Devil one more year on earth if within twenty-four hours he delivers to Hell the souls of three female victims. In *Hans Heiling*, to a libretto by Eduard Devrient freely based on German-Bohemian folk legend, the title-hero is the ruler of spirits who renounces his kingdom in order to marry a young country beauty but eventually returns to his dark realm because of her faithlessness. The underlying theme of these two operas, anticipated in Hoffmann's *Undine*, is the incompatibility of the worlds of spirits and of humans, a motive with which Marschner looks forward to *The Flying Dutchman* and

Lohengrin, yet without coming anywhere near the imaginative symbolism with which Wagner invested these legends.

Marschner was a minor light whose name cannot be mentioned in the same breath as Weber's or Wagner's but he possessed a well-developed instinct for the evocation of the daemonic and the terrible with which he combined a gift for sombre passionate melody and, at the opposite scale, a strong sense of musical humour and comedy. Thus, *Der Vampyr* opens with a most suggestive scene for the ghosts, and Ruthven's first aria and his duet with the lover of his third victim are characterized by a powerful melodic line in wide intervals whose harmonic basis is almost invariably that maid-of-all-work, the diminished seventh. Similarly, Emmy, Ruthven's second victim, sings an attractive song in a folk vein, 'Sieh, Mutter, dort den bleichen Mann', that gave Wagner the textual idea for Senta's ballad. The serious drama is interspersed with comic numbers, such as a hilarious quintet, which demonstrates Marschner's sense of effective contrast, and the two finales provide evidence that he was capable of thinking in terms of continuous dramatic development.

While *Der Vampyr* is 'through-composed', *Hans Heiling*, which can still be seen on the German stage, returns to the form of the *Singspiel*, with spoken dialogue between the musical numbers. Here composer and librettists collaborated most intimately and the result is an opera which for its dramatic conception, the contrast of characters, and its musical treatment deserves to be considered, within Marschner's limitations, as a minor masterpiece. The libretto successfully juxtaposes the world of the spirits, who are shown in a grotesque vein, with the gay innocent life of humans, symbolized on the one hand by the sombre and shy Heiling, only temporarily human, on the other by the artless Anna and the *Naturbursch* Konrad; and, pervading the whole opera, there is, as in *Freischütz*, the atmosphere of the deep German forests—both their mystery and the fresh, out-door feeling.

The musical characterization of the protagonist is similar to that of Ruthven in *Der Vampyr* but shows a far higher degree of concentration and consistency, and Marschner's application of a powerful declamatory style lends Heiling an extraordinarily dramatic profile. The opera opens with a Prologue of the spirits (it comes before the overture) which is the only 'through-composed' portion and in which the composer achieves a musico-dramatic continuity of an almost Wagnerian order while the appearance of the Queen, Heiling's mother, in Act II unfolds in a scene of sombre majesty and grandeur, her solemn and menacing vocal melody being especially impressive: Wagner must have had it at the back of his mind when he wrote the Death Announcement in *Die Walküre*. Equally notable is the blending of

melodrama and song in 'Des Nachts wohl auf der Heide' which is sung by Getrude, Anna's mother; despite its accumulation of diminished sevenths and chromatic shifts the piece is masterly in its mood-painting, with the suggestion of a raging storm and of the mother's anxiety at the delay of her daughter's return, while she absentmindedly hums a grim folk-song.

In contrast to these scenes are those of the wedding feast and the dance in a forest-inn which is cast in the form of a waltz that continues until Heiling's sudden appearance when it is 'distorted' by intense orchestral chromaticism. The orchestra in fact contributes appreciably to the dramatic atmosphere by more or less independent symphonic treatment in which Marschner favours 'characterizing' ostinato-like figures and shows an assured sense of instrumental colour, as in the eerie effect of the low trombones in the Queen's great scene of Act II.

Marschner attempted to repeat the dramatic formula used in *Der Vampyr* and *Hans Heiling* in *Das Schloss am Ätna* (1836) introducing in the Marchese del Orco (*nomen sit omen!*) a character akin to Ruthven; but the libretto is feeble and the music pays exaggerated tribute to contemporary Italian opera. The *Ivanhoe* opera, *Der Templer und die Jüdin* (1828) unsuccessfully challenges comparison with the medieval chivalry of *Euryanthe*; except for some finely wrought choruses, Marschner's invention never rises far above dull competence. In two comic operas, *Des Falkner's Braut* (1832) and *Der Bäbu* (1838), he gives free rein to his vein of popular humour, catching a light conversational tone and adopting certain features from French *opéra comique*, but his spirit of *Biedermeier*, with its philistine and homespun jesting, proves too potent to permit more than momentary flashes of true comedy. If Marschner is today remembered, it is as the author of a single masterpiece and as providing the historical link between Weber and Wagner.



Semantic

It may be you have termed your scarlet green
Because I named it thus,
Supposing the colour we had seen
The same for both of us.

If hues were otherwise for you and me
How should I ever know,
Since now you have learnt that green describes
my tree
Yours may be nicknamed so?

Wisdom insists I wait while actions prove
Your usage of one word just
Lest, maybe, you have taken my word love
In borrowed use for lust.

GRISELDA SCOTT

Bridge against Bogey—Heat VI

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE LAST of the six teams to take part in the new series of par contests was Staffordshire. The players were Mr. B. P. Topley, Mr. C. E. Robinson, Mr. P. F. L. Tottenham, and Mr. E. Jamieson.

In **Hand 1** (see column three), the players reached the correct final contract—Five Hearts by South after East-West had competed up to Five Diamonds—but forfeited a point because of East's failure to make the recommended opening bid of Three Diamonds.

The opening lead was the ace of diamonds, and Mr. Topley began well by trumping in hand with the six, thus preserving two entry cards to the table. After one round of trumps he made two attempts to play an early spade and had to be directed to the elimination play, as follows: at trick two the queen of hearts to the king, followed by a diamond, trumped in hand; the three of hearts to the four and dummy's last diamond, trumped; the ace, king, and a third club, putting West on play.

West, Mr. Jamieson, rose to the occasion by exiting with the king of spades, the only card to defeat the contract. Had he led a low spade the declarer could have successfully allowed it to run to the nine: had he led the ten it would have been covered by the jack and queen and the declarer would now make two tricks on a spade return. The play of the king of spades was worth three points to Staffordshire, who scored a total of nine on the first hand.

In **Hand 2** (see column three), the bidding at the table went as follows:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
Mr. Topley	Mr. Jamieson	Mr. Robinson	Mr. Tottenham
—	—	1 C	No
1 D	No	1 S	No
2 C	No	4 C	No
5 C	No	No	No

The final contract was judged slightly worse than Four Spades. North might have preferred to rebid his spades over Two Clubs: this would have given a good picture of his distribution and might have encouraged South to raise to Three Spades.

The directed contract was Four Spades against the lead of the two of hearts. Mr. Robinson went wrong from the outset when he attempted to trump the second round of hearts. Warned by the double, North should discard a diamond on the second heart and trump the third heart. He should then play on clubs before tackling trumps. East's best defence is to refuse to trump the third club and to discard a diamond. The declarer then makes his contract by playing a fourth club and trumping with the nine.

Staffordshire scored seven points in all on the hand for a total of sixteen. Sussex therefore join Lancashire in the final which will be played over the next two weeks.

East dealer; North-South game

NORTH			
Hand 1			
♠ A J 7			
♥ K 5 4 2			
♦ 7 5 3			
♣ 10 7 4			
WEST		EAST	
♠ K 10 6 5		♠ Q 8 3	
♥ 8		♥ 10	
♦ K 10 6		♦ A Q J 9 8 4 2	
♣ Q J 8 5 2		♣ 9 6	
SOUTH			
♠ 9 4 2			
♥ A Q J 9 7 6 3			
♦ None			
♣ A K 3			

North dealer; Love all

NORTH			
Hand 2			
♠ A K J 5 4			
♥ J			
♦ A 7			
♣ K J 10 8 6			
WEST		EAST	
♠ 2		♠ 10 8 7 6 3	
♥ A K 10 9 7		♥ Q 6 3 2	
♦ Q 9 8 3		♦ K 10	
♣ 9 7 3		♣ 5 4	
SOUTH			
♠ Q 9			
♥ 8 5 4			
♦ J 6 5 4 2			
♣ A Q 2			

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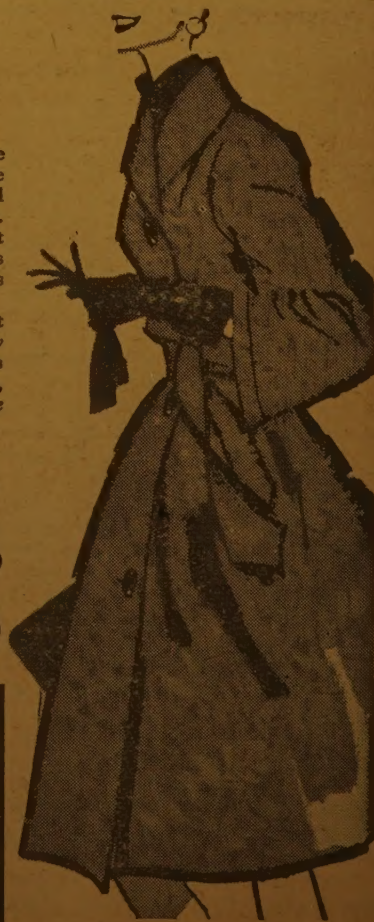
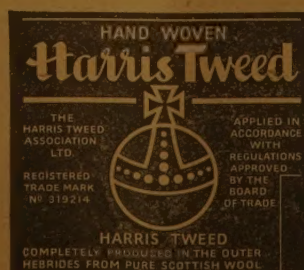
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IN THE KITCHEN



Egg Dishes for Children

NOT many things can beat an egg dish as a light supper or high-tea for children. In the savoury line baked eggs in cream stand high. I suspect it is partly due to the individual little dishes in which each egg is cooked. Put a knob of butter into each dish and allow it to melt in the hot oven. Drop one egg in each dish, cover with pepper and salt, and then add cream, pour it over the yolk so that it completely covers the white of the egg. Bake for about six minutes and garnish with a topknot of chopped parsley.

Hard-boiled eggs, though never so nutritious as a lightly boiled egg, give children happy times—there is so much that they can do with the yolk. If they are helping you with the preparations it is best to allow at least two more eggs than are wanted for the meal, for the yolk has a curious habit of disappearing. Before stuffing the eggs boil them for ten minutes, then pour cold water over them. Shell them, cut in half and scoop out the yolk, mix with plenty of butter, pepper, salt, and, if liked, finely chopped capers, garlic, spring onions, or parsley. Roll into oval shapes and put back in the whites, making the white a kind of egg cup. If the eggs refuse to stand up, toast some thickly cut bread, cut a hole in the middle, and put the white of egg in the hole.

Eggs and potatoes offer almost limitless possibilities, but these two recipes I remember I enjoyed making as a child. For the first, which involves putting poached eggs in the potatoes, you will require half a large potato for each person. Bake the potatoes whole first, cut in

half and scoop out part of the centre so that it will hold the egg. Fry some bacon until it is crisp, chop finely, put a little in each baked potato hole. Pour in a little melted butter and a little of grated cheese. Poach the eggs, and, when done and drained, place them carefully in the potato wells. Sprinkle lightly with bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, brush with butter, and put under the grill to brown. They must be eaten at once.

The other dish is Continental in origin and is excellent with cold ham. You will need some hard-boiled eggs, boiled potatoes, cream, and breadcrumbs. First butter a pie-dish, put in a layer of potatoes, then a layer of sliced hard-boiled egg, dot with butter, cover with bread-crumbs, and start the layers again, ending with potato and breadcrumbs. Pour cream all over, and bake in the oven for about fifteen to twenty minutes until golden brown.

For puddings a favourite is eggs in the snow. You will need one egg per person. Divide the yolks from the whites and beat the whites very thickly, with plenty of caster sugar. In a shallow saucepan boil some milk flavoured with vanilla pods. Drop dollops of egg-white into the boiling milk and, as they harden, turn them over and cook the other side. Take the snow-flakes out and drain them separately on a piece of greaseproof paper. Pour the hot milk into the yolks, stirring continuously, until it turns into a thin custard. When it is cold scatter the snow-flakes on top, and put a few hundreds and thousands on each.

Here is a Norwegian recipe for an egg pudding, a favourite because it includes strawberry jam. Beat as many eggs as you require with

caster sugar until very fluffy. Put some butter in the bottom of a warmed dish, add the beaten eggs, and put into the oven until almost set. Take out the dish, cover the top with strawberry jam, put under a gentle grill to warm the jam, and serve with wafer biscuits.

ALISON BALFOUR

'Stuffed Monkey'

'Stuffed monkey' is a rich cake popular on the Continent. To make it you will need:

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rich short pastry (use any favourite recipe, but it must be rich, with sugar to sweeten, and egg to mix).

Filling: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of ground almonds
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of caster sugar
2 oz. of chopped mixed peel
1 oz. of chopped glacé cherries
a few drops of almond essence
1 small egg (beaten)
a little milk if required

This cake should be baked in a square tin as this makes for easier cutting. Line a 7-inch square tin with the pastry, rolled out to about $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch thick, keeping enough pastry for a 'lid'. Mix the almonds, sugar, chopped peel, cherries, essence, and beaten egg to form a sticky paste, saving a little of the egg for painting the top of the cake. If not sufficiently moist, add a little milk. Spread this mixture over the pastry. Roll out the rest of the pastry, and fit over the top, having damped the edges of the lower pastry so that both edges will stick together. Mark round with a fork to decorate. Paint over with the rest of the beaten egg and bake in a moderate oven (350-375° F.), or gas mark 3-4, for about 45 minutes, or until the pastry is crisp, golden, and firm to the touch. Let it get cold, lift carefully out of the tin, and cut in narrow slices to serve, dividing each narrow slice again into about three sections.

MOLLY WEIR

Crossword No. 1,650

Head-hunting—VI

By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 35s., 25s., and 21s. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, January 18. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The first letter of every light is out of place. Thus, if the answer to a clue were RIGHT, it would be entered as IRIGHT, IGRHT, IGHRT, or IGHTR. The diagonals 5-38, 1-54, 25-53

form an appropriate part of a well-known song. Chambers's Dictionary, Mid-Century Version, is recommended, but does not give 36 (which is in the older edition) and two Latinised plurals. In addition, two lights are proper names.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14						15				
16				*			17				
18										19	
20				21	22		23	24			
25	26	27			28		29				30
31											
32	33		34				35	36		37	38
39	40						41			42	
43				44	45			46			
47								48			
49							50				
51					52		53				54

CLUES—ACROSS

- Putting a damper, as it were, on a noisy union! (8)
- Oriental drink, once thought of as evil? (4)
- Muffles riotous assemblies that have lost heart (6)
- Gloomy copper, lacking sharpness (6)
- Father of British Navy, led RAF in blitz (6)
- Calls up no gentleman engaged in superior services (7)
- I am embraced by aged expert—disgusting! (5)
- Attends to lums that reek? Well, in front of the works (5)
- The old approach is convenient, to some extent (3)
- Works hard to disentangle reverses in Mars, perhaps (7)
- Leading the rush to attract attention (4)
- Surrender me, taking wrong direction in revolt (6)
- Having flat umbrellas, we're often wet—need for a plastic mac is so sudden! (13)
- Confirm what cure that loses capital at first (4)
- A Russian measure that loses capital at first (4)
- Scottish hack's difficulties all retreating with a whisky and soda (7)
- He leaves the small haven, fit to succeed (3)
- A pound, for example (but not a quid!), on account (5)
- The advice-boat is stuck in a creek (5)
- Sovereign, forgetting answer, put in jeopardy (7)
- He logs, at sea, a point indicating E (6)
- Is dumped in a bag and sent back, giving a sort of bark (6)
- Jean's maid will come about one—that's cheerful (6)
- More than one kind of tangle caused by love affairs in Rome (4)
- Spouter who can't finish in the end (8, hyphen)

DOWN

- No longer film-acting? You need a spur to make an effort (6)
- Born amid devastation, I had a very red face (5)
- Chopped meat—put it on a thin plate (6)

- Odism is needed in order to injure no more (5)
- No mimics are to appear in variety—pity (13)
- As soon as somebody bags a century (4)
- Jock's odd, casual over is worthless (4)
- Kingsley is instilled in a jolly system of logic (6)
- Sheets of brainy matter—heavy stuff that's poured out before the return of sloth (8)
- Climbs up, and is numb (6)
- It's deserted, being the place where the old boy sat (5)
- Gentle painter of the biblical scene (7)
- Two lines that meet in a shield—there's a snag about the line coming up (5)
- Provincial river conceals divine tales of mythology, etc. (4)
- Stop, being not quite sober, to object (5)
- What's necessary to cause a sin? Essentially, freedom from constraint (8)
- Units of the Resistance doing Government work when posted here (4)
- Form used by Milton for a rest after romance (7)
- Bars where poets may be seen tipsy on the Sabbath (6)
- I sounded backward, having nothing to add—I still do! (6)
- A set of bones has become a woman—it's given Adam a start! (6)
- Live, and dance—you'll get the benefit (6)
- Cheeky chappy—but master and revered figure in the home (5)
- Few old Scots think about only a tiny helping of haggis! (5)
- Iris gets half-hose with warped threads (5)
- Here's the knife a soldier lifted—crikey! (4)
- Places I pass on the way up (4)

Solution of No. 1,648

O	F	F	S	E	T	H	E	A	D	A	C	H	E	T
V	A	G	U	E	O	Y	U	M	I	S	A	I	A	H
E	R	U	M	L	Y	A	R	M	S	K	Y	E	R	R
R	A	R	E	S	T	I	I	G	E	M	A	P	E	
P	A	N	I	C	C	A	P	S	U	L	E	S	H	E
A	G	O	S	T	E	M	I	L	I	O	N	T	O	P
S	O	B	E	R	S	I	D	E	S	N	E	O	N	L
T	H	E	N	I	S	L	E	D	E	A	L	L	E	Y
P	A	N	A	C	H	E	S	L	A	F	A	I	T	H
A	R	C	H	I	P	E	L	A	G	O	U	G	H	O
N	Q	U	O	T	E	V	E	N	I	R	S	A	U	L
O	U	R	Y	E	S	T	E	N	D	N	E	A	R	L
P	I	S	A	M	O	N	T	A	G	U	E	C	E	E
L	Y	S	T	E	N	A	T	I	E	U	S	A	P	H
N	E	S	T	E	R	T	I	S	I	P	H	O	N	E

1st prize: J. D. Lomax (Manchester); 2nd prize: Dr. M. Harington (London, S.W.5); 3rd prize: Miss Rosemary S. Andrews (Bexhill-on-Sea)

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